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Joseph Shattan
The New Nuclear Class

Allan C. Carlson
The Old Nuclear Family

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 14 APRIL 1981 NO. 4

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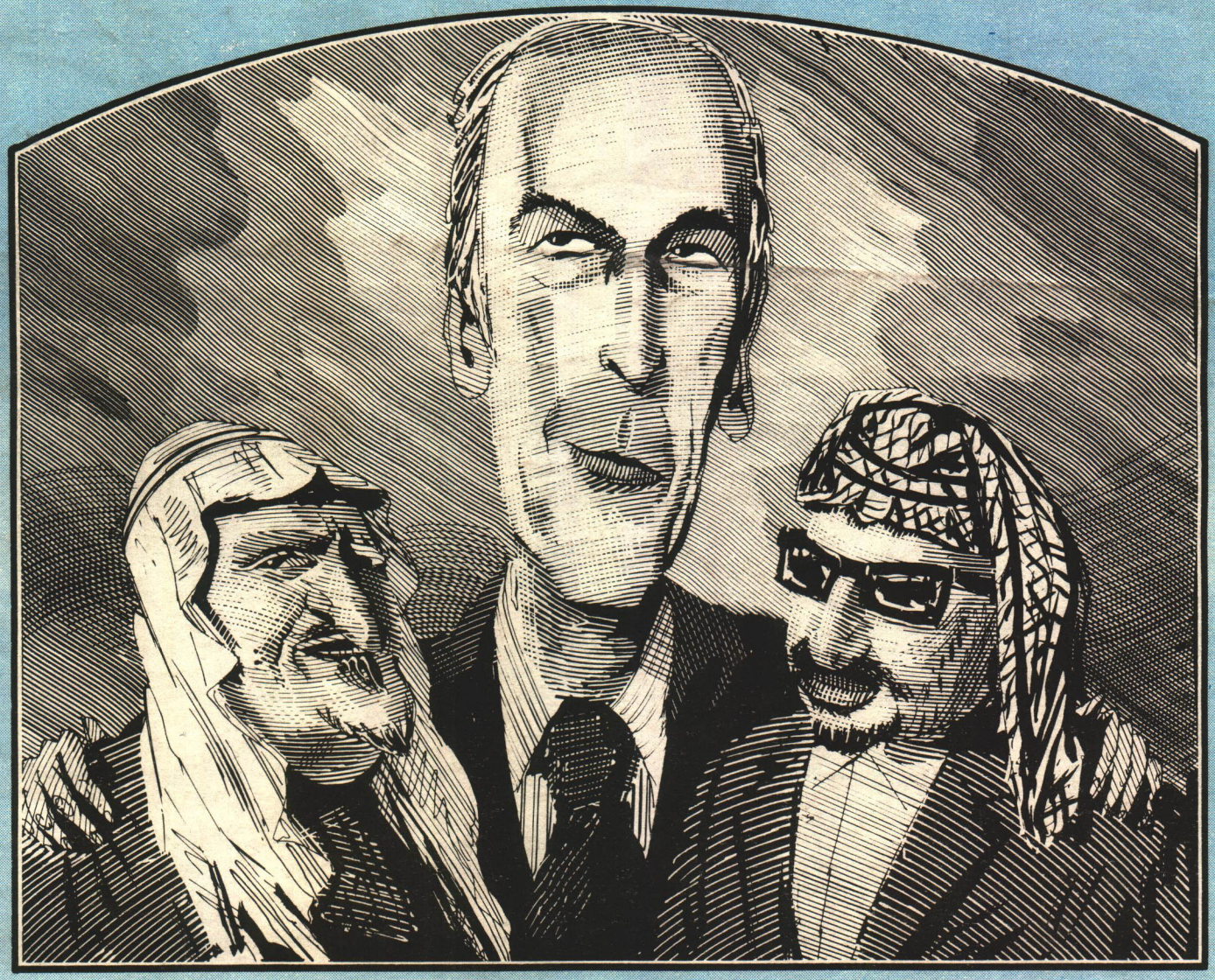

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EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• February 4 to March 6 and Mr. Mark David Chapman, accused murderer of Mr. John Lennon, keeps thumping for that forgotten masterpiece, *The Catcher in the Rye*. "My wish is for all of you to someday read *The Catcher in the Rye*," he notified *The New York Times*, "All my efforts will now be devoted toward this goal for this extraordinary book holds many answers." Ronald Reagan thumps for cuts in the tumid Carter budget and for tax reductions. His cuts still leave an ever larger mound of boodle for the Feds and a higher tax burden for the *popolo minuto*, but the do-gooders and the parasites howl anyway. And Dr. Cronkite retires.

• The great man's departure came on March 6, the first Friday of Lent. It was a very solemn affair. Tears were shed in the CBS newsroom. Idiots rushed to their television sets for a last glimpse of the oval-shaped vacuum that was Dr. Cronkite. The reverence accorded the man in his last days was even more witless than the pageantry accorded the return of the hostages. Here was a man who in all his public years never passed on any hint of intellectual substance, yet people esteemed him an authority. He left no books, no essays, not even a heroic or romantic escapade. He dwelt in the land of bromides and feigned attitudes. Wars covered from a newsroom, government policies rendered in thirty-second expositions, humanity observed from the back seat of the CBS corporate limousine, from film clips, from peering over the soup bowls of the giants of our time—never was there any indication that he understood any of the thousands of news stories he reported, or that he knew more about them than the few words he uttered during the evening news. In a nation hankering for grandeur and denied substance he became the master of bland ceremony, and through it all he never more than intimated the existence of an adult brain. My guess is that in the years ahead he will try to make up for all of his vacuous exertions. He will become a minor pest.

• Buckingham Palace announced the engagement of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer, a nineteen-year-old kindergarten teacher; and Mr. David Berkowitz, the convicted "Son of Sam" murderer, has reportedly fallen in love with Mr. Louis Quirros, a transsexual who lived but a bouquet's throw from Mr. Berkowitz's cell until prison officials removed him "for his own safety"—a shockingly judgemental decision that is bound to elicit protests from prison reformers and from members of the mental hygiene movement in general. General Idi Amin emerged from the relative obscurity in which he has lived since a combination of political and social problems forced him to flee Uganda. Before a group of foreign correspondents in the sacred city of Jedda he implored the Reagan administration to allow his 22 children to receive an American education complete with hot lunches, capitalist economics, political pluralism, the whole shebang. Now a resident of Saudi Arabia, the former Third World eminento spends much of his time sleeping and planning the liberation of Uganda. He has totally eliminated the thunderous snoring characteristic of his sleep during the presidential years and has even adopted the life of strenuous domesticity made fashionable by the late John Lennon. "I cook food for my family," the retired dictator solemnly confirmed, "I iron clothes and sweep the floor very efficiently."

• Interest in Mrs. Rita Jenrette's memoirs, which she says will be published this spring, intensified when her husband ex-Congressman John Jenrette notified the *Columbia* (South Carolina) *State* that he had had intercourse with her on the steps of the U.S. Capitol as his colleagues, during a late-night session, were taking their liberties with the rest of us. Nor was the Hon. Jenrette the only solon moved to romantic flights in the shadow of the Capitol. On February 4, Representative Jon C. Hinson (R. Miss.) was arrested in a men's room at the Longworth Office Building and charged with felonious sodomy. Also charged was the Hon. Hinson's accomplice: Mr. Harold Moore, a Library of Congress employee. Two hours before, Mr. Kerry L. Jones, a staff member of the Democratic Study Group, and Mr. Jetton S. Douglas, a lobbyist for Children's Rights, Inc., had made the same mistake. Vindication was felt at the offices of the *New York Review of Books* when it was reported that the wife and a son of former Cambodian prime minister Lon Nol were arrested in Fullerton, California on charges of child abuse; and a thirty-seven-year-old college boy with the historic name of Jerry Rubin was sentenced to do community-service work for attacking Edward Teller with a piece of cake, despite Mr. Rubin's claim that his act of battery was "a symbolic protest against nuclear power."

• Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland was installed as Prime Minister of Norway amid much laughter throughout the Scandinavian country. The forty-year-old former Oslo shopping bag lady is not only Norway's first female prime minister but also its youngest. Furthermore she has the most absurd name in all of Norwegian politics, a factor that in itself may have accounted for her popularity with the fun-loving Norwegians. Apprehension continued to spread throughout America's Preppy community over the relative scarcity of Preppies in the Reagan administration. Thus far the only member of the "Preppy Pantheon" from *The Official Preppy Handbook* to enter the government is Vice President George Herbert Walker Bush, and apprehensive Preppies cannot forget that it was Ronald Reagan himself who not long ago scorned Poppy Bush as "a Preppy, a Yalie, a sissy"—a very chilling formulation. And while on the subject: Mr. Henry S. Huntington assumed room temperature on February 16. Mr. Huntington, Yale '04, had been a leading Presbyterian minister until he took up the cause of nudism, ultimately becoming the first president of the International Nudist Conference and America's leading nudist theoretician. Mr. Huntington died at the Unitarian-Universalist House in Philadelphia, fully clothed.

• The women of the fevered brow suffered a setback when it was revealed that Mrs. Stella Walsh, the Olympic track star of the 1930s who died last year, was actually half male. The unusual criminal career of Miss Nancy J. Cain was apparently put on ice when she was charged with fraud by wire and impersonating a federal officer. Presenting herself at countless fraternity houses across the country as a federal agent in need of money and he-man protection, the five-foot three-inch, 230-pound Miss Cain hornswoggled dozens of college boys into loaning her money and flying with her across the Republic in search of imaginary culprits. And police have accused Mr. Joseph S. Smietana, 35, of being the "tick-picker" of Great Falls, Montana. For over a year this savage has terrorized the community by talking his way into women's homes, apprising them of the presence of bugs in their hair, and in many instances actually roving over their scalps extricating fictitious insects. Finally, in Muskegon, Michigan, police have cracked the "Beauty Bandit" case by arresting Michael A. Tracy, a twenty-two-year-old police reservist. Over the past 24-and-a-half months he has entered 17 beauty salons, availed himself to the professional skills of the beautician, and absconded with his hair still in rollers. Mr. Tracy has requested psychiatric counseling.

• Another of President Carter's policies has been heaved aside, this time his attempt to modernize our military but at a sensible cost. In Frankfurt, West Germany, U.S. Army and Air Force officials have banned the on-base use of roller skates by uniformed personnel. In Bellingham, Washington, Dr. Robert Hunter, president of the American Medical Association, shocked an apple-cheeked audience at Western Washington University's Food Perspectives Fair by coming to the defense of "junk foods." Scoffing at "rigid vegetarianism," he described it as "a major cause of malnutrition in America."

• Evidence of America's growing fuddy-duddyism mounted throughout the month, and by late February it was announced that the United States Treasury would not pay the bills of a CETA-sponsored jaunt in which thirteen disadvantaged children and their eight government advisers journeyed from Florida to take in Broadway shows. All this anguish could have been prevented, for, as the learned Miss Gloria Steinem declared, "had the media done its job" Ronald Reagan would not have been elected. It was a hell of a thing to say during Dr. Cronkite's last days.

—RET

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EDITORIAL

THE PEARL HARBOR OF THEIR YOUTH

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Last month the National Broadcasting Company presented what the Edmund Wilsons of the television art call a "dramatization" or a "docudrama" of the Kent State shootings. On May 4, 1970, during an anti-war demonstration sparked by the American military action against North Vietnam's Cambodian supply lines, four students were killed by harried National Guard troopers.

For more than a decade American forces were in Vietnam. Forty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety-two Americans were killed in combat. One hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and nineteen were injured. Eight million seven hundred and forty-four thousand served there. Since our withdrawal several million Southeast Asians have perished, and hundreds of thousands now risk their lives to get the hell out. Yet the events animating the imaginations of television's Chekhovs and Ibsens have been tales of American ignominy. It moves me to wonder.

Why, for instance, does NBC feel the need to do a melodrama on Kent State? Through all those years, involving all those men, could there not have been a few instances of American gallantry or prowess? Would they not make engrossing drama also? Of 225 million Americans, how many have thirsted for a "dramatization" of this tragedy? Is this really what the people want to watch? You know that the moguls and the sages of NBC will come forth with all sorts of esoteric proofs. I, for one, shall await their sophistries with relish.

NBC's scriptwriters could have written the drama of their Kent State spectacular into dozens of other events of the 1960s and the early 1970s, and ordinary Americans would have watched attentively. However, to a highly ideological elite in the television industry (an elite whose hallucinations were nicely described by Whit Stillman in last month's issue), Kent State has become the Pearl Harbor of their youth.

"Where were you when you heard they bombed Pearl Harbor?" is a question with peculiar resonance for a generation of Americans. "Where were you when you heard about Kent State?" is the equally resonant question for younger Americans; yet these younger Americans compose not a generation but an elite, an activist element which, from college campuses, opposed the Vietnam war.

Today the Associated Press tells us that a 14-year-old runaway captured in a famous photograph as she knelt over the body of a freshly fallen student "became a national symbol of outrage." The truth is somewhat more complicated. "In 1970 . . . the public had thought the Kent State shootings justified and the Justice Department had disposed of them with a perfunctory investigation," the historian Alonzo L. Hamby has written in his cool, scholarly history of recent America, *The Imperial Years*. Yet for an articulate minority there was indeed a sense of outrage, and now that minority is intent on attributing that outrage to an entire nation.

I do not know where I was when I first heard about the shootings at Kent State, but I know where I was a couple of days later. I was in Chicago taping a television talk show with John Filo, the young photographer who snapped the Pulitzer Prize-winning picture of the kneeling girl. I remember the conversation vividly. There were others on the show—Pete Rozelle of the National Football League, a Chicago sports writer, and the head of the National Organiztion for Women. The primary topic of discussion was not Kent State—though Mr. Filo had just come from there—but women athletes and their relations with the National Football League. To Mr. Rozelle's apparent surprise the two groups were not on good terms. The lady from NOW was very much of the opinion that women football players could be just as effective as men in the NFL were it not for "institutionalized sexism," cradle-to-grave discrimination—the kind that stunts women from birth! That afternoon Kent State was given short shrift.

When we did discuss it there was no outrage. Rather there was bewilderment and sadness. To this day, I believe a sense of sadness is most fitting. We can be sad over the loss of life at Kent State, and the deaths of our soldiers in Vietnam. Of more immediate concern we can be sad over the shabby treatment of the veterans of that war, and over the gruesome condition of the South Vietnamese, the Cambodians, and the Laotians now living and suffering under their heroic North Vietnamese liberators.

As for the Associated Press's talk of national outrage over Kent State, it is at one with NBC's harping on this tragedy. Both are examples of the stupendous propagandizing brought down on the American people every day. The sobering fact is that the American people are one of the most strenuously propagandized people on earth.

Is the average Russian any more

Adapted from RET's Monday column in the Washington Post.

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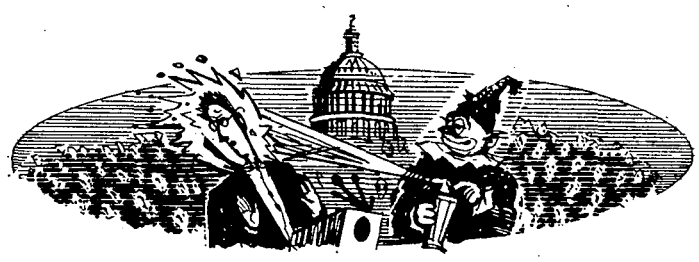
strenuously propagandized? His history is always being revised. From billboards and by broadcast media, he is instructed on the seemly sentiments and wholesome thoughts of the hour. But how different is it here? Our history too is revised, and even our language is now tampered with. Boys are taught women's ways. Girls are taught manliness. We bus our children. We engineer their society We send them to the school shrink. We keep them from the dangerous influence of prayer. They are our liberal autocrats' favorite guinea pigs.

Yes, I believe it is arguable that the ordinary Yank is as heavily propagandized as the ordinary Ivan. Yet, as Alexander Solzhenitsyn tells us, in the Soviet Union no one really believes the Marxist-Leninist uplift. In America our liberal elite believes. With the ardor of missionaries, its members inculcate their visions and their values into us. A Kent State Massacre is one of those visions. Questioning its accuracy is an assault on dogma. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



IN DEFENSE OF DIRT

by Tom Bethell

For a few days following the election of President Reagan the liberal-left observed a respectful silence, the better to conjure up in the rest of us the illusion that they too are lovers of democracy and are only too happy to abide by its electoral verdicts. But within a week or two we began to hear the familiar, restless rustling of cockroach wings, the renewed stirring of the termites, the death-watch beetle patrolling once again in the national heart-of-oak.

How to strike back at the superannuated actor, who wanted to do the unforgivable thing—reduce the size and role of government—without too conspicuously expressing resentment of majorities? The appointment of Al Haig as Secretary of State at first seemed to present an opportunity. Epithets were experimentally rolled across the opinion columns, or ventriloquized onto the front page: "Militaristic . . . NATO . . . warmonger . . . Nixon White House . . . Watergate . . . *Watergate!*" But someone replied: "Watergate? All right, let's do that one again." No takers. Senator Bobby Byrd, the West Virginian "populist" who had originally objected to Haig, huffily applied a pomade to his blue rinse, adjusted his scarlet waistcoat, and made a dignified retreat into the wainscoting. Haig sailed through unscathed.

Then Reagan appointed James Gaius Watt to be Secretary of the Interior, custodian of the nation's federally owned 400 million acres, the great majority of them west of the Mississippi. (87 percent of Nevada is federally owned, 67 percent of Idaho; the highest percentage east of the Mississippi, 12 percent, is in New Hampshire.) Watt was president of the Mountain States Legal Foundation in Denver, a public interest law center "dedicated to bringing a balance to the courts in the defense of individual liberty and the private enterprise system." The foundation was established with money from Joseph Coors, the Colorado brewery president. Watt declared himself opposed to environmental "extremism."

Here, then, another opportunity presented itself: "A goat to guard the cabbage patch," said John B. Oakes, the former senior editor of the *New York Times* who detected early on that environmentalism, if co-opted by the right (left) people, could unobtrusively advance the cause of socialism. "A fox in charge of the henhouse," echoed reliable old Tom Wicker, the *New York Times* associate editor who left North Carolina and Grew. "Apostle of Pillage," shouted a *Village Voice* headline above an article co-authored by trendy-trotsky Alex Cockburn, *Wall Street Journal* columnist and heiress-admirer.

Mindless cartoons, attacking Watt as a despoiler of the environment, were drawn by Oliphant, Herblock, Auth, and others. The Herblock case was instructive, because he is normally careful to depict a state of affairs which is at least a reasonable inference from the facts. But Herblock showed a crazed Watt gouging out the entire U.S. topsoil and environment, under the caption: "If we get rid of all this stuff on top, there must be a lot of fuel underneath." Reagan looked on admiringly. Clearly, Herblock felt that, when it came to Watt, extremism in the defense of environmentalism was no vice.

Mary McGrory said Watt's mind was "chrome bright." The *New York Times* called Watt's appointment "the worst." The *Washington Post* called Watt "an undiscriminating advocate of private development interests." William Turnage, executive director of the Wilderness Society, called Watt "a joke," and "a caricature of an anti-environmentalist." One of the *Times*'s anti-Watt editorials made the interesting comment:

> What is so puzzling about his appointment is its apparent political insensitivity. There are many conservatives whose appointment would not so inflame environmentalists.

When Watt was finally confirmed by the U.S. Senate, however, the political sensitivities had a curious

---

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington editor and a Washington editor of* Harper's.

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geographical location. Twelve senators voted against Watt, all from states *east* of the Mississippi. How come not one of the Western senators came forward to defend the West (where 95 percent of the public lands are located) against this environmental pillager? Why did the Western Governors' Conference also support Watt?

One possibility, not even considered by the Eastern liberals, who regard the West as a place where one occasionally goes skiing or backpacking, is that the changes desired by Watt would actually improve the environment.

The great issue here, not even touched on by Watt himself in his confirmation hearing, is the question of who best protects the environment: private, or public owners? It is automatically and unthinkingly assumed by most people who don't actually live on or near public lands that public ownership is, of course, best. On the other hand, those westerners who constitute the Sagebrush Rebellion would like to return federal lands to state ownership. This in turn would probably soon lead to private ownership.

The prevailing view seems to be that when land is public, wise bureaucrats who have nothing but the "public interest" at heart will shape it into a veritable Eden. But when it is privately owned, oil derricks will replace trees, streams will become polluted, and a forest of "No Trespassing" signs will grow.

Propaganda has encouraged many of us to believe that public property is owned by all. Government officials endlessly promote the false idea that "the state" means everyone. For example, the Federal Trade Commission describes itself as "your FTC" in a booklet I recently came across. DC Metro drivers ingratiatingly welcome passengers to "your Metro." Questioning Watt at his confirmation hearing, the somewhat gullible Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island asked: "Don't you feel that these federal lands belong to *all* the people?"

No, senator. When land is federally owned, it is owned by no one. Custodial rights to this no-man's land then devolve upon park rangers and federal bureaucrats who are empowered to tell private citizens exactly what they can and cannot do. It is *then* that the *Verboten* signs start appearing. When land is publicly owned, it becomes the property not of you and me but of *The State*. Men in uniform start showing up, driving vehicles with sirens and flashing lights. They may not *own* the land exactly. But they act as though they do. As in the Soviet Union.

But, you may respond, they will at least do a good job of looking after the environment. Not according to people who live out west. John Baden, a contributing editor to *Bureaucracy Versus the Environment: The Environmental Costs of Bureaucratic Governance* (University of Michigan Press), points out that the U.S. Forest Service does not know how to manage timber production because political pressure causes it to maximize expenditures without having to think about cost-effectiveness. Unnecessary roads are expensively bulldozed into low-yielding timber stands high in the Rockies. Wildlife habitats are destroyed. Soil is eroded. A thousand dollars is spent to recover a hundred dollars-worth of timber. Forest Service officials are under bureaucratic pressure to advocate more funding for *their* region, regardless of ecological suitability. On the other hand, Weyerhauser's forests are not only profitable but well kept.

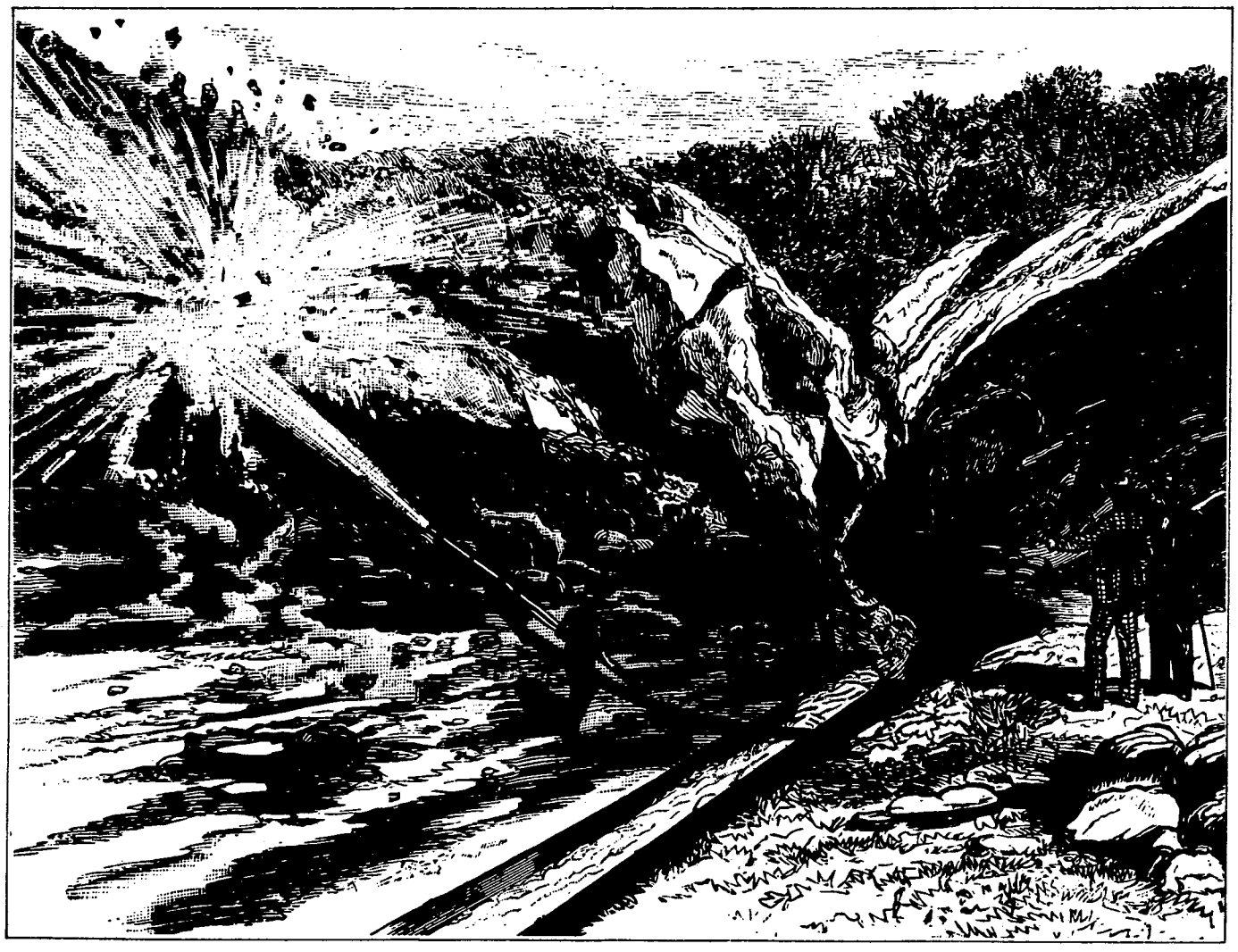
Unlike the senators who voted against, and the left-liberal journalists who howled at Watt, Baden lives out there amid the bureaucratic wreckage. He is director of Montana State University's Center for Political Economy and Natural Resources. Richard L. Stroup, Baden's co-director, and the co-author of an excellent economics text, *Economics: Private and Public Choice,* points out that the Bureau of Land Management's practice of "chaining"—hauling a 600-foot anchor chain between parallel tractors, mowing down juniper forests with a view to creating grasslands for cattle—does immense damage to the environment. But it does build up political support for the Bureau among cattle ranchers.

Baden and Stroup point out that the bureaucrat's incentives are haywire. He tends to regard the federal budget as a "common pool resource." This is an economist's term best understood by visualizing an oil field owned by several people each of whom has sunk a shaft into the well. He who pumps out oil first and longest profits at the expense of his co-owners. Similarly, the bureaucrat who fails to tap the federal budget on behalf of his agency will lose this common pool resource (taxpayers' money) to more aggressive bureaucrats in rival agencies. Thus, not ecological perfection, but bureaucratic competition, tends to determine the behavior of those with responsibility for public lands.

What about the polluted streams and oil derricks of the private owners? Again, Baden points out, when various individuals *own* different segments of a stream or river, then they have rights in it—riparian rights. If someone does something which harms the rights of others downstream, then they are likely to sue him. But when no riparian rights exist, the incentives to prevent pollution don't exist either.

As for oil drilling, it is a strange fact that it only seems to offend people when it takes place on public lands. Actually, drilling seems to give maximum offense, somehow, at the planning stage. But when individuals or companies drill for oil and gas on privately owned land, protesters vanish and everyone seems to be happy. Consider the recent exploration for natural gas on school grounds by Wells College, a fashionable girls' school in New York state. They found natural gas, too—right next door to the gym, as it were. The Eastern Seaboard press cooed with delight. Now those nice old schoolmarms won't be so dependent on the oil companies. But can you imagine the cries of outrage if the same Wells capital had been used to prospect for gas a few miles away on public land? Ouch! "Pedagogues of Pillage!" our headlines would have proclaimed.

So let's sell off our public lands as soon as possible. My only objection to James Gaius Watt is that he has not already proposed this, and is most unlikely to do so. He merely wants to *rein in* the land bureaucrats. It would be better to get rid of them entirely. □



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Arch Puddington

LECH VS. LEONID: STRIKING OUT AT THE KREMLIN

From Szczecin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic a picket line has descended upon the continent.

Until the Polish upheavals of the past summer, few Western observers took seriously the idea that the working class might trigger major reform within the Soviet bloc. Many, especially those who had persuaded themselves that life in the Soviet Union was not so very different from life over here, never entertained the possibility that a workers' opposition could escalate into a regime-threatening force. It was, of course, universally acknowledged that the Soviets had failed to create anything resembling a "workers' paradise," in their own country or in the satellites. And it was never doubted that the tattered slogans about the proletariat playing the "leading role" in Communist society were regarded with anything but contempt and derision by the proletariat itself.

Such contempt and derision, however, were seen as reflecting a kind of hard-hat cynicism common to industrial workers everywhere, rather than a desire to upset the existing order of things. As our popular culture often reminds us, American workers are known to share such sentiments, and it was not so long ago that blue-collar workers here were pronounced an intolerant, even reactionary, force fully capable of supporting any authoritarian government which provided full employment for white males and repression for everyone else. If American workers have such little respect for democratic values, why should things be different for their Russian or Polish counterparts? As for the dissidents' claims that the official, government-controlled "trade unions" in the Eastern bloc are despised by the workers for their unwillingness to represent proletarian interests, we had an answer in the eminent convergence doctrine (as enunciated by John Kenneth Galbraith) which assured us that Soviet labor organizations functioned "much the same" as unions in the democratic West and thus enjoyed the same general acceptance among the rank-and-file as our unions do.

For those who were unpersuaded by the convergence theory, or by its complement —the notion of a moral symmetry between the Communist and democratic worlds— the major obstacle facing restive workers remained the special ruthlessness which Communist regimes reserve for the anonymous men and women who dare to challenge the official system of workplace repression. Here we are reminded that it was during the most liberal period of the Khrushchev thaw, a time when Solzhenitsyn was given official sanction to publish revelations about the Gulag, that upwards of 300 unarmed workers were massacred in the industrial city of Novocherkassk during a strike over a wage reduction and major increases in food prices. More recently, the Soviets have bundled a number of worker dissidents off to institutions for the criminally insane, and it is generally believed that worker dissidents are treated more harshly than those seeking changes in the artistic or intellectual spheres.

No one would deny that deploying tanks and troops to enforce labor discipline, or snatching workers from assembly lines and packing them off to mental hospitals for "drug therapy," are more effective than lockouts or injunctions in handling worker unrest. But the willingness to employ such extreme measures suggests a conclusion very different from the one drawn by most Western experts about the potential impact of a workers' movement. *We* may not consider workers a likely source of liberal ferment; but the *Communists* obviously do, which is why literally millions of police agents, management officials, and, not least, "trade union" leaders have been assigned the task of indoctrinating, controlling, and, if necessary, punishing the workforce.

It is a matter of historical record that Communism, wherever it has been imposed, has wiped out all vestiges of free trade unionsim. In the earliest stages of the Bolshevik government the "trade union question" was the focus of a long and bitter debate whose resolution sealed the fate of Communism's lingering democratic impulses. But the decision to subordinate trade unions to the Communist Party was not alone responsible for the system of workplace terror which evolved under Stalin and was later reproduced by Communist governments in Eastern Europe, Cuba, and, more recently, Cambodia and Vietnam. Trade unions have been made into the appendage of governments or political parties in various non-Communist societies, but workers have not generally been subjected to the elaborate system of repression and control which is the distinctive feature of Communist labor policy. Nor, in fact, is the totalitarian subjugation of the working class a Stalinist aberration. Stalin simply inherited an existing system which had been built and given ideological legitimacy by other Bolshevik leaders, most notably Lenin and Trotsky. Lenin had no regrets about his government's repression of the class which had presumably brought the Bolsheviks to

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power; force and compulsion, he believed, were fundamental to Communist doctrine, and not, as his apologists would have it, temporary measures made necessary by Russia's postwar economic crisis. The direct link between Communist ideology as set down by its most respected founders and the totalitarian police state that subsequently evolved has seldom been made more explicit than in the writings of Lenin and Trotsky on the organization of labor.

Thus Lenin, in "How to Organize Competition":

> Not a single rogue (including those who shirk their work) [is] to be at liberty, all are to be kept in prison or put to compulsory labor of the hardest kind. . . . In one place half a score of rich, a dozen rogues, half a dozen workers who shirk their work . . . will be put in prison. In another place they will be put to cleaning latrines. In a third place they will be provided with "yellow tickets" after they have served their time, so that all the people shall have these pernicious people under their surveillance until they reform. In a fourth place one out of every two idlers will be shot on the spot.

The same author, in *State and Revolution:*

> for when all have learned to manage . . . then the *escape* from this national accounting and control will inevitably become so increasingly difficult, such a rare exception, and will probably *be accompanied by such swift and severe punishment* . . . that soon the necessity of observing the simple, fundamental rules of everyday social life in common will have become a habit. (Emphasis added)

And Trotsky, in *Terrorism and Communism:*

> The very principle of compulsory labor service is for the communist quite unquestionable. "He who works not, neither shall he eat." And as all must eat, all are obliged to work. Compulsory labor service is sketched in our Constitution and in our Labor Code. But hitherto it has always remained a mere principle. Its application has always had an accidental, impartial, episodic character. Only now, when along the whole line we have reached the question of the economic re-birth of the country, have problems of compulsory labor service arisen before us in the most concrete way possible. The only solution of economic difficulties that is correct from the point of view both of principle and of practice is to treat the population of the whole country as the reservoir of the necessary labor power—an almost inexhaustible reservoir—and to introduce strict order into the work of its registration, mobilization, and utilization.

Here then we have it: discipline, compulsion, regimentation, terror—organizing principles for workplace life in the cheerless society of the future. And, as well, a convenient philosophical foundation for subsequent Stalinist refinements, such as the 1940 decree making it a criminal offense for a worker to leave his job, a "wartime emergency" rule which somehow survived until 1956, three years after the dictator's death. Prison-camp labor also figured prominently in Stalin's industrial experiments, and even now inhabitants of the Gulag play an important role in the Soviet economy, assembling everything from auto parts and electrical appliances to souvenirs for the summer Olympics.

Although prisoners are no longer mobilized in compulsory labor brigades to build massive hydroelectric projects or sent to near-certain death digging gold in the Kolyma, Soviet labor policy today is distinguished largely by how little it has changed from earlier times. Workers are still required to carry a work book, a passport-like document in which is inscribed the owner's entire employment history, including disciplinary action or police difficulties. They are still subject to "anti-parasite" laws making unemployment a crime (a particularly effective way to punish or humiliate dissidents). Workers must also avoid running afoul of the KGB agents who function as "personnel managers" at large enterprises with the assignment of weeding out "malcontents" and "troublemakers."

To add to the irony, the Soviet worker is also subject to some of the most disagreeable symptoms of capitalist "exploitation." It was Lenin himself who, in a moment of rare creative insight, coined the phrase "progressive Taylorism" to give a more humane veneer to industrial-management techniques which were bitterly opposed by unions in the West. Lenin also imposed the piece rate, excoriated by Marx and employed in but a handful of Western industries, throughout the Soviet economy; today the piece rate remains the principal method of wage determination for most workers.

The Soviet worker has thus experienced the convergence phenomenon for some time. But contrary to the expectations of the theory's most renowned proponents, the result has been a peculiar combination of the worst features of both systems. Even today the Soviets remain fascinated with Western management techniques. Along with drill bits and computers, the West also exports entire systems of industrial organization, complete in every respect except for the absence of democratic trade unions, a fact that is not lost on those Western businessmen who have been détente's most resolute supporters.

Although strikes are not specifically outlawed in the Soviet labor codes, in practice they are regarded as criminal acts, and the strikers themselves are dealt with as industrial "saboteurs." Nevertheless a number of strikes are known to have occurred in the post-Stalin period, and for every strike report reaching the West there are many others about which we know nothing. For obvious reasons, worker dissatisfaction is a touchy subject in the Communist world, and its leadership will go to extraordinary lengths to conceal the facts from the foreign press. Similarly, there are no show trials for strike leaders or for those associated with the various independent trade unions which have sprung up in the past few years. Some, like Vladimir Klebanov, a mineworker who was the principal figure behind the Association of Free Trade Unions, have been sentenced to indefinite terms in mental institutions and given doses of powerful drugs which can cause irreparable brain damage. Others, especially strike "ringleaders" with no record of dissident activity and therefore no contacts with human rights organizations or trade unions in the West, simply vanish into thin air. This, ultimately, has proved the most efficient way of disposing of restive workers. There have, after all, been expressions of Western concern about the fate of Klebanov (not to mention an embarrassing inquiry by the International Labor Organization), but no prying foreigners have asked questions about the disappearance of the organizer of the 1972 Kiev Hydroelectric plant strike.

Given the principles underlying Soviet economy and society, the equation of strikes with industrial sabotage makes perfect sense. In the democratic world unions generally restrict bargaining de-

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mands to issues like pay, vacations, and pensions, while pursuing broader social goals through the political process. In the Soviet bloc, however, a strike is an inherently political act, even though the striking workers have no overtly political motives. This is because strikes represent either a challenge to the system of labor regimentation—which for Communist societies is the glue holding the entire structure together—or a protest against the inefficiencies and unfairness built into the economy. A habitual problem for all Communist societies is the pricing and availability of food. It was, of course, food policies which ignited the strikes in Poland; the same issue has also provoked a number of violent clashes between workers and the military in the Soviet Union. Satisfying the workers would really require a full-scale economic reorganization, including the introduction of market forces and a substantial diminution of the political control of the economy, something which the Kremlin is not about to do.

With normal channels of protest foreclosed, Soviet workers must look to passive, indirect outlets for frustrations generated by their isolation and atomization, and compounded by the cynicism pervasive in Soviet society. Here a special source of bitterness is the lack of opportunity and mobility for the working class, a reality which contrasts sharply with the official propaganda about the workers as the leaders of society. In fact, Soviet workers are well aware that neither they nor, more importantly, their children will ever play anything resembling a leadership role—upward mobility having been pretty much reserved for the offspring of the educated and technical stratum.

Worker alienation is reflected in epidemic rates of absenteeism and job-site thievery, but the main outlet for worker frustration is alcohol. It is estimated that Soviet workers spend between one-quarter and one-half of their food budget on vodka, and drunkenness has become the leading cause of absenteeism and poor job performance. The severity of the problem can be gauged by the fact that it is openly discussed in the Soviet press. But the official responses—a flurry of studies and an anti-alcoholism PR campaign—have met with little success. A major obstacle is the regime's ambivalence about the role of drink. The toll which vodka exacts from the productivity rate must, after all, be measured against the substantial profits derived from the state vodka monopoly. It must also be measured against vodka's contribution to social peace: An alcoholic worker is a docile worker, quite unlikely to spend his spare hours theorizing about human rights or drawing up petitions for the International Labor Organization. Vodka, then, also has a place in Lenin's system of "national accounting and control."

Given the imagination, energy, manpower, and money expended to prevent the working class from taking its revolutionary mission seriously, the wonder is that the workers have found the courage and resourcefulness to attempt even the most limited protest. Yet it is well to remember that before 1980 three of the most important crises in the postwar Communist world were touched off by rebellious industrial workers: Poland in 1956 and 1970 (in both instances the government leadership had to be replaced) and East Germany in 1953. More recently, discontented workers have joined together, sometimes in collaboration with dissident intellectuals, to form independent labor organizations in the Soviet Union and several of its satellites. Their objectives vary—some limit themselves to traditional trade union concerns; others seek thoroughgoing democratic reforms. All, however, recognize the fraudulence of the official "trade unions" and appreciate the relationship between genuine trade union rights and broader human rights.

This brings us to the recent events in Poland. Of course, one can attach all sorts of caveats and qualifications to the achievements of the workers' movement, asserting, for example, that in the short run fulfillment of the workers' demands will make economic conditions more difficult (although in the long run they may force the regime to adopt long-overdue economic reforms); or that the uniqueness of Polish culture and politics make Poland the only fertile territory for opposition movements in the entire Soviet bloc. Be that as it may, the summer revolution must still be considered one of the most significant setbacks for Communist totalitarianism in the postwar era and a profoundly humiliating experience for the Soviet leadership. For the first time since the Soviets fastened their grip on Eastern Europe, a satellite government was compelled to acknowledge that one of Communism's sacred institutions, the official trade union movement, was despised by those it presumed to serve. Again for the first time, a Communist government was forced to grant to a non-party opposition the status of equal partner in negotiations over national policy. Then there were the unprecedented concessions required to end the general strike: free trade unions, the right to strike, easing of censorship, the release of political prisoners, curtailment of privileges for party big-shots and the security forces. There was the subsequent consolidation of the workers' movement with the establishment of Solidarity, the independent labor federation, led by Lech Walesa, a better known and certainly more popular figure than the bureaucrats who run the party and state. Finally and especially galling to the Soviets is the alliance between the workers and the intellectual dissidents from the Committee for Social Self-Defense (KOR), a coalition forged in spite of the regime's desperate efforts to depict dissidents as alien, anti-worker elitists.

On the surface, Poland would seem an issue which should appeal to a broad and ideologically diverse constituency in the West, especially to liberals and the non-authoritarian Left. All the elements are there: unarmed workers confronting the awesome power of a police state; a workers' movement seeking egalitarian reforms through nonviolent means; trade unionists demanding bread and roses. And no one can claim, as has been done, shamefully, in the case of Afghanistan, that we are dealing with backward, feudalistic elements. If anything, the leadership of Solidarity and its supporters from KOR are of the Left—liberals, social democrats, non-Communist Marxists.

Yet the kind of straightforward support that one might have hoped for from Western liberals and leftists has simply not materialized. Not that there hasn't been sympathy for the workers; of that inexpensive commodity there has been an abundance. But the expressions of sympathy

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have frequently been accompanied by reservations, phrases of caution, and counsels of prudence differing little in substance from the arguments for a "shrinking America" we've grown accustomed to hearing from the foreign policy establishment. In a number of instances, a do-nothing course has been urged by commentators who have been otherwise engaged in lecturing the Reagan administration on the vital importance of maintaining a firm commitment to human rights in Latin America and elsewhere in the Third World. Perhaps the most striking example of this phenomenon is Willy Brandt, the leader of the Socialist International. Under Brandt's leadership, the SI has established a special committee to monitor alleged acts of *American* aggression against El Salvador, Nicaragua, and other Latin American countries. Concerning a bona fide workers' revolution in his own backyard, however, Brandt has been far less enthusiastic. He has, for example, suggested that because Soviet hegemony over Poland was decided at Yalta, there is really nothing we can do on behalf of the workers except hope that the Soviets and Poles will resolve their "internal problems" internally. No sooner had the Polish workers laid down their tools than Tom Wicker, having concluded that a Soviet invasion was inevitable, declared that the main lesson Poland taught us was the importance of ratifying SALT II in order to prevent future Polands from escalating into superpower conflict. Flora Lewis, Wicker's colleague on the *New York Times* op-ed page, reprimanded American trade unionists for having launched a campaign to assist the Polish workers; how would we feel, she asked, if the Soviets shipped money to striking farm workers here? For the Americans for Democratic Action, the major issue raised by Poland was not how the United States should respond in the event of a Soviet invasion or a renewed crackdown by the Kania government, but rather the repression of *American* workers! According to the ADA, Polish workers succeeded despite "threats, intimidation, harassment, and terror tactics"; while American workers "are still discriminated against, subjected to terror tactics by repressive employers, and penalized for striking. . . ."

Nor did the Carter administration particularly distinguish itself. Faced with the most inspirational and strategically significant gain for human rights since that concept was made a "cornerstone" of American policy, the administration treated the Polish events as little more than a nuisance. Secretary of State Muskie was dispatched to dissuade the AFL-CIO from setting up its Polish workers' aid fund, and when the unions declined to cooperate, he sent a message to the Russians offering apologies for the conduct of our unions. Meanwhile, lower-ranking officials groused about how the workers were "going too far" by putting forth demands beyond traditional workplace concerns, reflecting, no doubt, the prevailing administration attitude that there is nothing to be gained from a show of firmness in negotiations with the Communists.

Why this reluctance to support a political development which presents dramatic proof of the superiority of Western democratic values and at the same time presents the Soviets with a serious and probably long-term headache? We can dismiss the dubious claim that it was our propaganda that egged the Hungarians on to a doomed rebellion in 1956 and that we must therefore avoid repetition of those "mistakes" now. But even if a clear connection between the American broadcasts and the Hungarian Revolution could be made, does it follow that the only alternatives today are passivity on the one hand and irresponsibility on the other? Clearly it does not, nor is it likely that the Carter officials really believed that it did.

There is a more plausible reason for the Carter administration's refusal to consider seriously how we might help Poland's democratic forces: the ambivalence many Westerners feel towards the destabilization of the Soviet empire. Although the Sonnenfeldt doctrine was sharply criticized when it surfaced in 1976, its underlying principle —that we have a vested interest in promoting a normal, "organic" relationship between the Soviet Union and the satellites—appears to have won considerable acceptance among our foreign policy elite. There has, of course, been no official declaration that we now accept Russia's interpretation of the Yalta agreement.* Indeed, during the halcyon days of the Carter administration's human rights offensive, it was not uncommon to single out Soviet bloc nations for special attention. But aside from wagging an occasional finger at the Russians or Czechs, very little was said or done regarding the Soviet domination of the Eastern bloc. It can hardly even be said that an East European policy existed during the Carter administration (or during the Nixon or Ford administrations, for that matter), a fact which apparently suited the American foreign affairs establishment just fine, judging by the almost total lack of attention given the issue by its preferred journals.

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*Some have argued that the Helsinki accords represent the Kremlin's domination of the satellites; our government has consistently and publicly rejected this. On the other hand, we have the following statement from Zbigniew Brzezinski, uttered last December during one of the many crisis periods in Poland: "No one is interested in upsetting the existing international arrangements or threatening the legitimate security interests of any party. . . . Everyone concerned both within Poland and outside Poland is aware of certain historic and geographic realities, and these . . . realities create the context by which these difficulties can be either resolved constructively or made worse by some kind of confrontation." Should an invasion occur, this is precisely the kind of statement we can expect to see quoted in TASS as evidence that even "hard-line" U.S. officials understand the realities of political life which forced the Soviets to intervene.

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For challenging these comfortable assumptions, the Polish workers have earned this establishment's resentment, and not its respect.

Among major institutions, the single exception to this sorry record has been the American labor movement, whose generous support of the Polish workers is but the most recent and highly publicized reflection of its consistent support for liberation forces behind the Iron Curtain. In gratitude, labor has been granted pariah status by an influential and ideologically broad coalition: conservatives who have never accepted labor's right to represent American workers, much less defend the rights of workers abroad; businessmen who see labor as an obstacle to profitable deals with the East; and liberals whose efforts to transform the Democratic Party's global perspective to an overtly McGovernite position have been stymied by the AFL-CIO's opposition.

As a consequence of these attitudes, the United States has pretty much conceded the ideological terrain on the issue of global workers' rights, an especially dismaying development since, on this question above all others, the Soviet Union is thoroughly and embarrassingly vulnerable. So what? some will argue. Nobody believes in Communism anyway, and certainly workers are not about to welcome their own enslavement. But it is not the masses that the Soviets are attempting to convert, but rather the elites, especially in the Third World, and it is social control, and not social justice, which these elites find tempting.

Another consideration is the likelihood of growing worker unrest in Eastern Europe over the next decade as the built-in inefficiencies of Soviet-style command economies combine with fuel and resource shortages to produce a major economic crisis. There are those who propose that the United States should help the Soviets to overcome their economic problems through a step-up of trade and the transfer of high technology. In this view, American trade will stimulate a process of economic liberalization, which in turn will bring about a relaxation in the controls currently imposed on the labor force. But as dissident intellectual Leonid Plyushch has pointed out, it is the Kremlin's hope that Western technology will enable Russia to resolve its economic crisis *without* having to introduce liberalizations in the economic and social spheres. "If it were not for Western aid the regime would be forced to introduce democratic measures in agriculture and other areas of the economy," Plyushch argues. "And you cannot make the management of the economy more democratic without bringing with it more political democracy."

If the United States is to encourage the democratic impulse among the working classes of the Soviet bloc, a change of past U.S. attitudes must be the first order of business for the Reagan administration. With Carter, the psychological barriers were practically insurmountable. During the early days of the Polish strikes, a high Carter State Department official was upbraided by a trade union official for the administration's equivocation on Poland and general unwillingness to engage the Soviets in a war of ideas. The official replied that America could *never* compete effectively with Russia; to do so, he declared, would appear to all the world like a self-interested defense of our multinational corporations. The fatuousness of this observation aside, the fact remains that precisely the opposite is true: To the degree that we fail to make a vigorous public case for our democratic ideals, we will be perceived as concerned *only* with making the world safe for corporate profits. And there is no better way to begin encouraging the emerging workers' movement than to heed the plea of Leonid Plyushch: "The capitalist West should stop selling the Soviets the rope with which the Soviet people are now being hanged, and with which the capitalists themselves will eventually be hanged." □

Miriam London, Ta-ling Lee, Ivan D. London

CHINA'S POST-THAW BLUES

Marx is dead, Mao is dead, and Deng isn't feeling so well himself.

As Western businessmen are discovering, the legacy of the Maoist era in the Chinese economy—including its elusive imprint on worker and managerial attitudes—can frequently scuttle what may seem to be hardheaded ventures in the China market. This does not mean that Westerners should stop doing business with China, but merely that they can cut risks by investigating more deeply what they are getting into. That a parallel wisdom ought to be applied to political and military involvement with the Chinese People's Republic would seem obvious. For how much of what we know about China is based on analysis that sounds logical at a distance but which might crumble upon contact with the shifting intangibles of Chinese reality?

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In recent years there has been a strange propensity among foreign analysts of China to equate each lull in the Party Central arena in Peking with overall political stability. Thus, the China that opened its door to President Nixon and his entourage in 1972 was seen as peaceful and controlled, despite the extraordinary storm of the Cultural Revolution that had so recently torn the country asunder. Today, Party Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping's steady, apparently successful consolidation of his regime since 1977 is again interpreted as promising continuity, although his policies have introduced jarring change, virtually setting the China of 1972 in reverse gear. It is astonishingly easy for the outsider to forget that change itself has lingering consequences for the insider and that the *cumulative* psychological effect of rapidly seesawing change within a brief three-dacade period may have as much import for the future direction and stability of China as does the current lineup in Peking. The "intangible" that really bears watching in China now is something called the popular mood.

In any case, the Chinese leaders clearly think so. In a February 1980 speech at a writers' forum, Hu Yaobang, General Secretary of the Central Committee of the

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Communist Party and de facto successor to Chairman Hua Guofeng, acknowledged rumor in the country of "three crises"—of "faith, confidence and trust." A later article in the Hong Kong Communist monthly, *Cheng Ming,* which speaks for the Deng faction with a boldness usually exceeding that of the internal press, went beyond Hu Yaobang to affirm and describe the three crises—namely, a crucial loss of faith in Marxism-Leninism, of trust in the leadership at all levels, and of confidence in the Four Modernizations policy.

Deng Xiaoping did not create these crises, he inherited them; but, ironically, as often happens, they have been intensified by his very efforts since 1977 to eradicate their cause. No intelligent Chinese, however unburdened of illusions, could fail to be shocked, for example, by Deng's disclosure of the true dimensions of the economic disaster bequeathed by Mao—a disclosure necessary to justify drastic policy correctives—or by the spectacle of a weak and backward China turning to the West—not for the first time in this century—in desperate quest of modernization.

As a bitter little paragraph in the October 1980 issue of *Cheng Ming* noted: Since the time of the May 4th movement of 1919,* when students put forth slogans demanding democracy and science, progress toward those goals "has remained nil: Everything is back to square one. . . . While many countries have made great strides during those sixty years—while defeated countries have risen from ruin and colonies have become civilized states—China still has to start from A, B, C in democracy and science."

It is no small matter to write off 30 years of turmoil and sacrifice under the Marxist banner. The latest attempt to ascribe this bankruptcy to the "sham Marxism" promoted under the "Gang of Four,"† as opposed to the "genuine" Marxism that allegedly will prevail in the long run like "Copernicus' theory of the solar system" (*People's Daily,* November 11, 1980), only exposes official helplessness before the crises of faith. It is "an objective fact in the social life of our country," the *People's Daily* admits, that "some people . . . have doubts about Marxism" and "think that Marxism no longer works." The problem of rekindling faith is complicated by the fact that the Party is unable to say at the moment just what "genuine," or "scientific," Marxism is, insisting only that it "must have a new development in China." Not only are horses about to be changed in midstream—the new horse is not yet there. This situation evidently unsettles many Party, administrative, and military cadres, who are not known for any inclination to ideological adventure, particularly in the once deadly direction of "revisionism." It may even come to pass, they are told, that the former "heresy, denounced as 'revisionism,'" is, in fact, this new Marxism about to emerge. Two writers of an article in the September 23, 1980 issue of the Shanghai *Wen Hui Bao*—the most candid official newspaper in China—go somewhat further in the name of the "great development of Marxism": "We say that many of Marx's views are not applicable to present circumstances."

Young people in China, notes *China News Analysis* (Hong Kong),‡ "do not take this whole business very seriously. When the head of the Youth Corps in a Tianjin factory explained that 'socialism is excellent,' young Chinese Komsomol members asked him: 'Do you really believe that?'"

The Peking newspaper *Guangming Ribao* (November 3, 1980) has confirmed widespread lack of interest in Marxist theoretical study among university-level students and reported some of their cynical attitudes: "Theory is without basis (whoever is in power is always right). . . . Theory can't be taken seriously (it can be changed to suit oneself)." A student from a famous university in China recently regaled us with stories about his political studies class, whose instructor was scarcely a match for the students. "There's no point studying what the line is now," one student told the teacher, "because next year you will be teaching us a new line."

The Party leaders seem especially worried about the young, not only the members of the "Red Guard generation" now entering their thirties—whose *devise* since the Cultural Revolution seems to be the ubiquitous phrase "we have seen through everything"—but their younger brothers and sisters born in the early sixties, who grew up in the storm's aftermath, a period of cultural obscurantism economic decline, incessant purges, factional strife, and fickle Party line, all dimly illuminated by Mao's senescence. (And it was during this time that President Nixon raised his wine glass in Peking and many foreign scholars chose to assert the New China's tranquility and achievements.)

Despite his popularity, Deng Xiaoping to date has not succeeded in allaying fear of political instability, the "lack of a sense of security" alluded to by many, including Hu Yaobang. The lessons of the past have been refreshed by the continuing power struggles—and not only at the top. The Deng faction in Peking may issue directives and exhort, but the bureaucratic legions throughout China, the middle- and lower-level cadres who generally owe their position not to any personal ability but to past Maoist allegiances, are in no haste to implement policies that will rob them of

*This movement among patriotic young intellectuals to modernize a backward China victimized by foreign imperialism takes its name from a massive student demonstration on May 4, 1919 in Peking, sparked by indignant reaction to the Versailles Peace Conference, where Western powers acquiesced in Japan's aggression against China.

†Despite increasingly candid public admissions that Mao Zedong personally "made some mistakes" in policy, starting as far back as 1957, the Deng faction has cautiously guarded his image, however marred and faded, choosing instead to fasten guilt for the excesses of the last and presumably worst decade of Mao's leadership (1966-76) on his widow, Jiang Qing, and three other members of her cohort. That this convenient fiction has fooled no one is best exemplified by those Chinese who in the presence of foreigners have raised five fingers upon mentioning the Gang of Four. Indeed, the ghost of this "fifth member" loomed large as the true defendant at the recent trial of the Gang of Four in Peking.

‡The issues of *China News Analysis* alluded to in this article include Nos. 1189, 1190, 1193, and 1197.

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their single inimitable asset—power. With a recalcitrance that amounts to sabotage, many of them continue to exert arbitrary authority, assuming like mandarins of a more distant time that "heaven is high above and the emperor far away."

This inertia is a further depressant on Chinese intellectuals and youth, many of whom have begun to despair of any solution to China's massive, interlocking problems, which in the November 1, 1980 issue of *Red Flag,* the theoretical organ of the Party Central Committee, were likened to a "basket of crabs, each grabbing hold of and affecting the other." "It's hopeless" is a phrase frequently heard even from Chinese who are pleased and optimistic about Deng's increasing control of the political power center. The psychological capital of hope and belief that buoyed the insurgent Communism of the fifties is spent; it has been replaced by fundamental doubt and ferment—a great "debate on the concept of life," as the editor of the official organ of the Communist Youth League *China Youth* recently put it, which historically takes place "on the threshold of every new period." China seems, indeed, to be on a threshold—but of what?

The editor of *China Youth* does not prophesy, suggesting instead parallels with portentous transitional times past—the European Renaissance, the eve of the Russian Revolution, the period of mounting intellectual ferment in China before the May 4th movement of 1919. But the sagacious editor of *China News Analysis*—a publication that has existed almost as long as the Chinese People's Republic itself—is reminded of still another parallel, indeed, professes a strange feeling of *déjà vu.* The sense of "interior emptiness" among the youth, the loss of belief in the present leaders and their doctrines, the search for "new ideals and a new system," he notes, are most reminiscent of the last years of the Nationalist government, before the collapse that led to the triumph of Mao Zedong in 1949. Then, as now, the major discussion of fundamental issues took place underground, and students and intellectuals avidly sought enlightenment from the diapason of Western theories, one of which—Marxism—would eventually predominate. Now, however, the Party itself seems to stand divided and uncertain around a moribund Marxism: Will the new attempts at revival work or will one have to pull the plug and bury the corpse anonymously? "Today, the highest leaders are proclaiming that they are in search of what a socialist economic system should be," observes *China News Analysis,* adding, however, "the underground organizations also are, in their own way, in search of a new future."

The existence of a Chinese intellectual underground—ranging from small informal philosophical discussion groups to truly knit conspiratorial organizations—needs no longer to be proved. It has been admitted by Deng Xiaoping and deplored in a published speech by Hu Qiaomu, member of the Party Central Committee Secretariat, who warned that such people "were creating important ideological trends that menace stability and unity." (This Chinese equivalent of a "threat to law and order" is now intoned at the palest hint of an independent "democratic movement.") For most of the West, which believes only what it sees, the tip of subterranean Chinese dissent was first disclosed at Democracy Wall during the brief period of 1978-79 known as the Peking Spring.

Not everything, however, is concealed underground; no longer does one have to be scholar-turned-detective to fathom the nature of ideological unrest in China. Various essays in search of new directions turn up in the official press and frequently parallel trends of thought below.

One revealing trend is undoubtedly a consequence of the intensive reading of privately stored books during the recent years of cultural famine when the outside world imagined that all Chinese minds were obsessed only with the Thought of Mao—namely, a new interest in Western humanism and the philosophers of the Enlightenment. This is not a cerebral scholarly interest, but the fine-honed attentiveness of those to whom harsh experience has given fresh insight.

Thus, the *People's Daily* (October 7, 1980) published a sympathetic disquisition on Montesquieu's theory of the division and balance of power and Jefferson's further development of it on the American continent. The purpose of the article is plain. The writer, like many of his countrymen, is preoccupied with a question: How to prevent the recurrence in China of "overconcentration of state power in a single office, a few people, or only one man. . . ." Chinese intellectuals, particularly, not only do not wish the Cultural Revolution to be forgotten—they seem to regard it much as Jews do the Holocaust—but are anxious to eliminate the conditions of "feudal autocracy" that, in their view, made such a disaster possible. Hence the benefit of studying anew the antecedents of "bourgeois democracy"; for, as the writer of the article points out, in those countries "where bourgeois democracy is well developed, the bourgeois governments enjoy political stability for a long period of time and do not become autocratic." A later article in the *People's Daily* (October 28, 1980) is even more direct: In the context of advocating abolition of life tenure for leadership posts and the creation of a democratic system "more sublime and realistic" than that in the West, the *People's Daily* "Commentator" quotes Montesquieu on the danger of kings and alludes to the "advocates of the Enlightenment," who "severely criticized feudal despotism" and, "on the basis of the principle of natural rights, held that if the government could not protect the people's interests but even encroached upon them, the people should oppose and replace it."

The necessity to explain and expunge the Maoist holocaust also underlies a long article by Wang Ruoshui, a deputy editor-in-chief of the *People's Daily,* in the Shanghai *Wen Hui Bao* (September 25, 1980). In the course of arguing a "return to Marxism" in its allegedly original form as a humanistic-humanitarian** philosophy, Wang Ruoshui draws a parallel between the so-called black decade of 1966-76 and dark ages past. Indeed, there is something

**The Chinese word *rendaozhuyi* covers both meanings. Translation depends on context.

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of the critical spirit of the Enlightenment in his words:

> [Marxist] humanism opposes two things—"theologism" and "brutism." Did these phenomena not occur during the ten disastrous years? Did we not carry out a "deification movement" as well as some fascist savage acts? . . . Although we have not been under the rule of religion, we have been under the rule of modern superstition [the secular cult of Maoism] which is as devastating as religion. In fact, modern superstition is a new religion in disguised form. For example, the ritual of [bowing to Mao's portrait and] "asking for instruction in the morning" and "making reports [on one's work and conduct to the portrait] in the evening" once prevailed in our country. Quotations from Mao Zedong's works were studied as if they were the Bible.

In such statements, as well as in his semantic attempts to disengage Marxist humanitarianism from cruel "leftist" practice in the name of Marxist class concepts, Wang Ruoshui is, in fact, returning to the two invariable touchstones of Western humanism—reason and compassion—the twin casualties of the Maoist era. Indeed, the criteria of reason and compassion seem to guide much of the rethinking of philosophy in China today, including the new appreciation of Confucius, rejected as a spiritual shackle by intellectual youth early in this century and more recently vilified under Mao.

It should not be assumed, however, that Wang Ruoshui's anti-religious emphasis characterizes the present humanistic leanings of Chinese intellectuals generally. On the contrary. In a speech before a "creative workers" conference at the end of 1979—a speech that became a sensation in China at the time—the famous journalist Liu Binyan spoke of the ancient Greek view of man and the long Western tradition of humanism, rejecting its false association in recent years with capitalism and the "bourgeois class."

> Humanism is present in Christianity and Christianity is not the product of capitalism. Humanism is also present in Islam. Must the proletarian class prohibit such a thing? [The fact is that] we of the proletarian class reject human nature, we don't want to talk about the humanitarian way, we want only hatred, we advocate or promote distrust, we promote trampling upon and injuring others. Can there be such a proletarian class? Can there be such a communism? And yet in the past ten years and more the actual practice of the Gang of Four was exactly like that. . . . The topic of humanism-humanitarianism could not even be mentioned. Whoever mentioned it could be regarded as loving his enemy or unable to draw a clear class line.

According to the New China News Agency, at a national symposium of leading Chinese philosophers on October 31, 1980 in Anhui Province, "some of the participants mentioned primitive Christianity" as "representing the emancipation of man's spirit and the demands of the lower strata of the Roman Empire against the ruling serf-owners. . . ." This view—that Christianity historically was a progressive force—is oddly echoed in a Manifesto of the underground Thaw Society of Guizhou Province. One article of the manifesto, published in the Hong Kong journal *Yellow River* (April 1979), proclaims: "Promote the study of the civilization and culture derived from the spirit of Christianity, in order to emulate the democratic political system, established under its [Christianity's] teaching of peace, magnanimity, understanding and universal love."

Such statements, of course, are concerned with the contribution of Christianity to Western civilization, not with its theological content; but the humanistic component of compassion—the novel message of universal love after the unrelenting appeal to class hatred—is an added attraction to those young Chinese who currently incline toward Christianity in search of the "meaning of life." A former major Red Guard leader, turned Christian, whom we recently interviewed, described this message as part of the irresistible "software" of Christianity, as opposed to the less readily acceptable "hardware" of its theological dogma.

We have briefly followed the surface meanderings of a single trend in China. But what does it mean? Can this be part of the "prelude to the new development of Marxism," to use the *People's Daily*'s phrase? Or does such ideological divergence and its far stronger reverberations underground mean that the Chinese leaders "may be walking on a volcano" about to erupt?

The last question is raised by *China News Analysis,* which promptly answers it in the negative—for the present. Despite striking similarities, the situation is not really the same as in the last days of the Nationalist government; no "well-organized and armed force" stands at the gates of Peking. The conspiratorial underground organizations—which Hu Qiaomu described as aiming to change not only the leadership, but "the whole system"—are still splinter groups without military backing, although they have certain supporters and sympathizers among the cadres. The Communist Party still exerts sufficient control of the situation for the moment; but can one speak of the future?

The foreigner with a vital interest in the immediate future of China would do well to share, in his own fashion, the "lack of a sense of security" experienced by many Chinese. For all the words written about limited tenure in leadership and all the ceremonious switching of chairs in Peking, the precarious balance called "stability" still depends on one man, the doughty Deng Xiaoping, whose power—like all real power in China—is based on a network of old loyalties and military support dating back to the time of the Communist Field Armies during the Civil War. In a country factionalized and exhibiting disintegrative potential at every level, Deng has dared attempt to introduce drastic and lasting change. Unfortunately, his political skill and courage appear counterpointed by a pathetic naiveté about the basics of twentieth-century modernization. A spate of hortatory directives is no substitute for integrated planning and follow-through. In the course of what seems to be hit-or-miss decentralization, Deng has thus discovered repeatedly that many positive measures have destabilizing side effects. For example, certain agricultural policies conducive to peasant morale have—by undermining the privileged status of soldiers' families under the Maoist system—adversely affected morale within the armed forces, which are already unhappy with the sharp reversal of ideological positions and

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the low priority of the military in the Four Modernizations. Since power in China is exercised by the Party in symbiotic relationship with the military, the result of the original action is not yet in sight.

Destabilizing side effects can amplify even more unpredictably in a sea of ferment. The increasing incohesion of Chinese society disturbs in turn the very unity of Deng's power network by alarming the "old guard" who are ever ready for a pullback to the illusory security of more orthodox positions. Given the developing mood of China, however, retreat can be as dangerous as advance and will no more assure stable continuity than the current floundering efforts to chart a new course. □

Allan C. Carlson

RADICAL LIBERALS, ILLIBERAL FAMILIES

The Pro-Family Movement has begun to fight back against the social engineering of the last twenty years, but despite the Republican resurgence it remains on the defensive.

Polite society has greeted the "pro family" movement, a political development unique to the past half decade, with a mixture of ambivalence, panic, and discomfort. A minority of liberal voices, including the venerable *New Republic,* have counseled a bemused toleration of this latest example of small town Babbitry. Left-leaning clerics, civil libertarians, and other politicos of more excitable disposition have nurtured a media image of pro-family advocates as Bible-thumping, jack-booted, moral zealots trampling on human freedoms, modern lifestyles, pluralism, and the Constitution. They have conjured up visions of the Spanish Inquisition and the Salem witch trials, and have regularly invoked the whispered words, "Moral Majority" or "Phyllis Schlafly," to scare young children or frighten wayward partisans back into the fold. Traditional business-oriented Republicans, in the flush of victory, have found the pro-family elements of the Reagan coalition to be an embarrassment—something like the visit of distant cousins without proper education or the social graces—and have advised placing the "social issues" on the back burner, lest the new administration squander its opportunity for necessary economic initiatives.

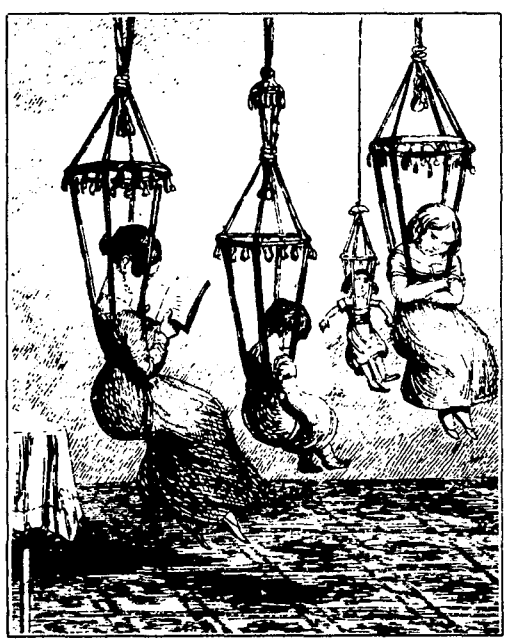
Similar confusion reigns among the national media, as journalists strain to define the composition and agenda of the pro-family coalition. The movement has been sometimes portrayed as a monolithic effort to force a tired moral code down the collective American throat. Borrowing a page from Joe McCarthy, commentators have delighted in ferreting out the supposed interlocking directorates of pro-family and other "New Right" groups. Yet the pro-family label has also been attached at various times to individuals or groups drawn from widely disparate and historically hostile religious traditions, including Roman Catholicism, fundamentalist Protestantism, Mormonism, and Orthodox Judaism. Even refugee Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans have been known to confess publicly to pro-family sentiments.

Meanwhile, the movement's agenda has normally been characterized as constituting a rigid opposition to a litany of liberating causes—abortion rights, contraceptive rights, women's rights, gay rights, children's rights, and federally funded day-care—girded by simple-minded support for prayer in public schools and an inferred hostility to diversity, change, and all things intellectual and urbane. In sum: a coalition of hayseeds, housewives, the Pope, and preachers sporting leisure suits and Southern drawls, doing battle with the forces of enlightenment, pluralism, refinement, and liberty.

Admittedly, the pro-family movement is difficult to demarcate. At last year's White House Conference on Families, for example, virtually every delegate present—whether "straight" or "gay," "parent" or "family professional," "married" or militantly "single," "traditional" or "life styled"—claimed to be pro-family. Even a more restrictive label seems applicable, in some respects, to politicians as different as Jesse Helms and Daniel P. Moynihan; religious figures ranging from Jerry Falwell to Michael Novak; assorted research organizations, such as the American Family Institute, the Heritage Foundation, and the Rockford Institute; and dozens of grassroots organizations spanning most ethnic and religious distinctions.

Yet among these diverse elements can be found four recurring attitudes which, I

Allan C. Carlson's articles have appeared in Regulation, *the* Public Interest, *and the* Human Life Review.



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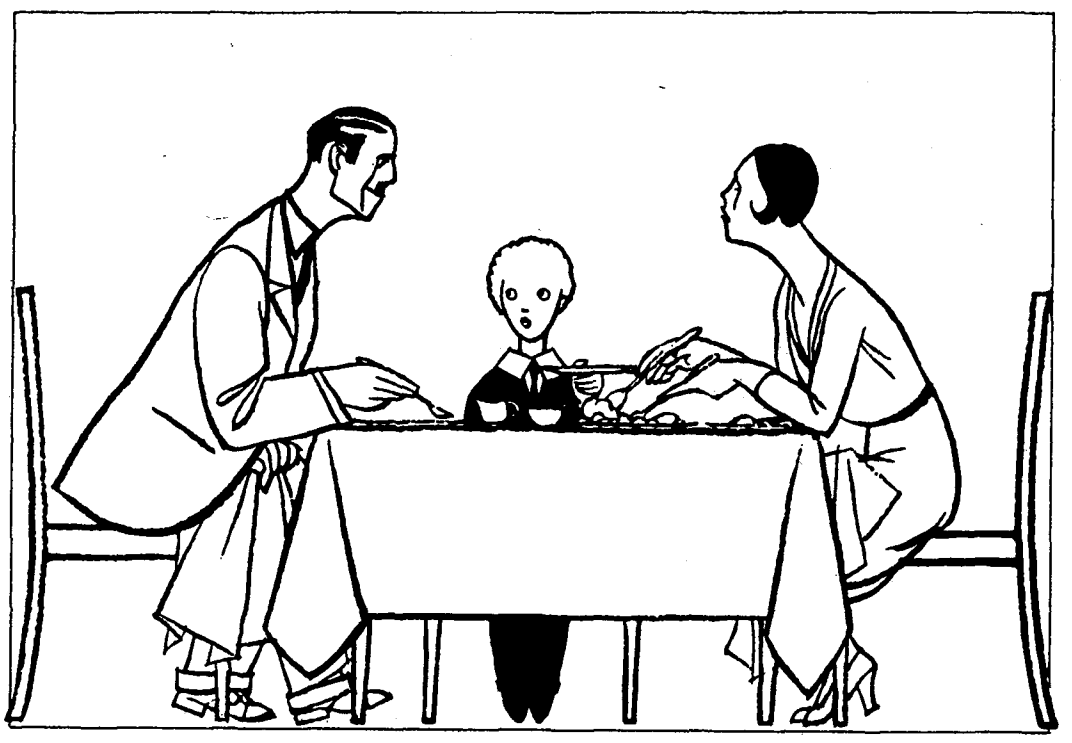
suggest, essentially define what it means today to be pro-family:

To be pro-family is to reject most recent effusions from the social sciences concerning the family. During the past two decades, the normative American family structure served as a favorite target for a series of highly politicized intellectual movements bent on transforming or destroying the existing social order. New Leftists, feminists, cultural relativists, populationists, and sexual libertarians lashed away at family life as the cause of poverty, violence, imperialism, inequality, the oppression of women, overpopulation, and mental disorders of all sorts. The large majority of publishing family sociologists, revealing a pitiful lack of objective standards and their own subservience to ideology, seemed to take special pleasure in challenging the prevailing social framework.

A few more memorable examples of this intellectual catharsis should suffice. Consider sociologist Merwyn Cadwallander, who declared in a 1966 *Atlantic* article that "marriage is a wretched institution," where beautiful romances are translated into dull matrimony and where relationships inevitably become "constrictive, corrosive, grinding, and destructive." Or ponder a 1972 contribution to the *Family Coordinator* by psychologist Janis Kelly which, after noting that women "cannot develop fully in a heterosexual context," offered the corollary that conditions allowing women "to love fully and without fear are at present met only in a homosexual setting." Or meditate on the vision presented in a 1971 article by family-counselor Robert Harper, which included a call for abortion-on-demand to avoid inflating America's "already pathologically swollen population" and suggested a "blockbuster intensive therapeutic" federal program to help children and youth "overcome the contamination and crippling of their sexual beings by our culture. . . ." Harper urged parents to "encourage, help, and foster" sexual play among their preadolescent children. "To prevent sexual hang-ups in interactional as well as masturbatory sex," he concluded, "we have to start when children are barely toddlers."

Unfortunately, in this instance, Marx was wrong about the impact of the intellect on events. For ideas related to those cited above, despite their transparent foolishness, had an influence on political developments in the 1970s. The Supreme Court's 1973 abortion decisions; the diffusion of ideological feminism through the academy, the media, the federal bureaucracy, and even the armed services; the emergence of homosexuality as a legally protected lifestyle; the tax-subsidized celebration of International Women's Year; and the distortion of the White House Conference on Families into an assault on traditional families, can all be traced, in part, to this decay of intellectual standards displayed in contemporary discussions of family life.

The pro-family coalition's demand for definitional clarity springs from the same rejection of recent phrenic legerdemain. Since the mid-1960s, sociologists have systematically stripped the word, "family," of intelligible meaning, preferring instead the dual concepts of "changing families" and "a pluralism of family forms." The Forum 14 Report of the 1970 White House Conference on Children, for example, defined family as "a group of individuals in interaction," while the American Home Economics Association, an occasional fount of obscure sociology, views family "as a unit of two or more persons who share resources, share responsibilities for decisions, share values and have a commitment to one another over time." Such expansive definitions, designed to offend no one, arguably extend the "family" label to everything from group marriages and homosexual couples to a pair of winos sharing a boxcar and a bottle. Pro-family activists, on the other hand, support a less sweeping, more historic definition, limiting the "family" designation to two or more persons related by blood, heterosexual marriage, or adoption.



To be pro-family is to war against the cultural death-wish of modern Malthusianism. Just as "pro choice" means more than "pro abortion," so does the "pro life" label encompass sentiments beyond opposition to that particular "medical procedure." Ideologically, the phrase symbolizes aversion to the whole anti-growth, anti-large family, anti-child, and pro-eugenic culture promoted by the modern Malthusians. In a spiritual sense, "pro life" means a struggle against the cool allure of Death and his steadfast companions, narcissism and sterility.

Indeed, the sterile orgasm may be among the most appropriate symbols of the contemporary liberal temperament. Progressive doctrine on family and sexual matters has spread widely, and early and extensive sexual experimentation, the conscious rejection of parenthood, a reliance on abortion to correct sexual mistakes, a dogmatic adherence to the view that there are no differences between the sexes, and the elevation of selfishness to a virtue have reached pandemic proportions, particularly among American youth.

Opposition by the pro-family coalition to the gay rights movement arises from the same revulsion towards the cult of sterility. As Midge Decter has recently pointed out, "the one thing that even the most passionate exponent of, or most ardent sympathizer with, homosexual liberation is bound to admit is that homosexual relations are—and are meant to be—fruitless." When a society views heterosexuality and homosexuality as merely interchangeable forms of sexual release, and considers the birth of a child as but another burden on an already overtaxed environment, then procreation and the nurturing of children have in fact lost all claim to special social consideration. And human life is effectively reduced to a deplorable accident.

In contrast, pro-family activists unashamedly declare that parenthood, birth, and the rearing of children are positive, even superior, social tasks. And without discounting the complex ethical questions that do arise, they give strong preference to life-creating and life-sustaining acts over their life-denying and life-destroying antitheses.

To be pro-family is to oppose the union of educational and family professionals with the coercive power of the state. As incredible as it may sound, many American parents now live with the almost primeval fear that public schoolteachers and family professionals are in a league with the state to take away their children. Not primarily in the sense of expecting their offspring to be physically torn away (although that is

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part of their apprehension); but rather in the sense of watching the values and mores within which their children have been raised slowly subverted by the perceived moral vacuum at the heart of the "helping professions."

Malefic motives, not just intellectual muddle-headedness, are suspected. For it is clear that the modern liberal temperament, wedded to a host of anti-natalist sentiments, is likely to produce few babies among its own adherents. Yet no political movement, however hostile towards procreation it might be, can long survive without initiating someone's children into its mysteries. In consequence, family and school professionals can sometimes loom as modern equivalents of the faeries and trolls who, in former times, stole human children away during the night to raise in their own alien ways.

Not unexpectedly, the pro-family ranks are peopled disproportionately by the parents of young children. From their offspring's birth, they sense the agents of the liberal state swarming about them. Social workers, trained to scorn the middle-class values of family independence and personal responsibility, descend on parents with insinuations of child abuse on the flimsiest of evidence. Federally funded family planning clinics provide children contraceptives and referrals for abortions without their parents' knowledge or consent. Public schoolteachers—organized into political cadres by the National Educational Association and directed by the courts and assorted Departments of Education to inculcate secular and historically non-Western dogma in children—mold young minds in a "value free" direction. "Family education," "values clarification," and sex education courses represent only the most visible forms which this organized erosion of traditional, parent-taught values have taken.

Collective paranoia? Phantasms of Twinkie-besotted imaginations? Regrettably not. One need only look to the humanistic paradise of Sweden, where the modern collectivist state is somewhat ahead in its task of severing children from their parents. Since passage in 1979 of Sweden's notorious Parenthood and Guardianship Code, it has been a criminal offense for parents to spank, strike, intimidate, threaten, ostracize, ridicule, or otherwise "psychologically abuse" their children. "Children's ombudsmen" work diligently to inform the moppets of their "rights," while the Swedish parliament has seriously considered legislation allowing children to divorce their parents. It takes no great leap of imagination to appreciate that it is only a matter of time before Swedish family professionals, given their characteristic adherence to value-free humanism, will show religious indoctrination to be a particularly brutal form of psychological child abuse.

The essentially defensive nature of the American pro-family movement becomes apparent when one turns to the legislative measure most fully embodying its agenda. The Family Protection Act, first introduced in Congress by Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, has been vilified by critics as a repressive monstrosity. One section of the original bill would confirm the legal point that discrimination against homosexuals would never constitute an "unlawful employment practice," while others would prohibit the expenditure of federal funds to advance homosexuality as an acceptable way of life or to support divorce litigation.

Yet on closer scrutiny, most provisions of the measure prove to be little more than efforts—admittedly, sometimes clumsy—to protect the rights of parents to raise children within their own value system, free from state interference. Title I, for example, contains provisions that would withhold federal education dollars from states that prohibit voluntary prayer in public buildings, that attempt to exclude parents from visiting classrooms, that refuse to allow parents to review textbooks prior to their use in public schools, or that employ educational materials which belittle women's traditional roles in society. Other sections of this novel proposal would prohibit federal funding of values-clarification and behavior-modification courses, exempt private schools from National Labor Relations Board jurisdiction, allow parents to establish tax-exempt savings plans for their children's education, grant tax deductions to corporations that help fund cooperative employee day-care facilities, and declare a legal presumption in favor of parental supervision of their children's religious and moral formation.

Unless one assumes darker motives, it is difficult to understand why liberals are driven to such apoplexy by this measure. Even if the whole Family Protection Act were approved, liberal progeny could continue virtually undisturbed in their secular-humanistic ways. They might have to tolerate a few voluntary prayers by their classmates, or give occasional notice to the theory that women make the best mothers. But they would undoubtedly survive such experiences with their value systems intact. One does suspect, however, that at least some of the outrage spawned by the

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Family Protection Act arises from the consternation liberals feel at seeing their favorite social engineering tool—the coercive threat of withholding federal funds—turned against their most cherished schemes.

To be pro-family is to accept a common measure of right and wrong. It is here that people who otherwise span the political spectrum commit the single, unforgivable act that finally separates them from the modern liberal temperament. For in the culture which liberal laxism has produced, you can perform virtually any voluntary act of decadence, debauchery, or perversion without opprobrium or guilt. But you may not, under any circumstance, accuse another of hedonism or sin.

This abhorrence of a common moral yardstick had its birth among the social sciences, where a sometimes useful analytical tool was distorted in this century into a philosophical absolute. From the towers of learning, this moral void spread into the law, the courts, the media, and the "mainline" churches and synagogues. The pro-family movement stands on the other side of the moral divide, committed to those traditional moral principles most purely embodied in the Ten Commandments. What Onalee McGraw of the Heritage Foundation has called "an undeclared civil war" has been the result, an ideological struggle between "the Judeo-Christian ethic, based on God-given eternal law, and the secular humanist orthodoxy that rejects God and traditional values."

Yet pro-family sentiment goes beyond blind allegiance to an ancient set of moral principles. There is an unsettling recognition that America's current time of troubles—economic, diplomatic, military, and spiritual—is worsening, and suspicion that proposed conservative nostrums, such as supply-side economics or increased defense spending, will not be sufficient to reverse America's decline. There is apprehension that the great eighteenth-century champions of liberty were correct in their belief that a free society cannot exist without strong, internalized moral values, nor without well-defined and commonly accepted social norms. As this century's foremost philosopher of freedom, Friedrich Hayek, wrote in his masterpiece *The Constitution of Liberty:* "It is indeed a truth . . . that freedom has never worked without deeply ingrained moral beliefs and that coercion can be reduced to a minimum only where individuals can be expected as a rule to conform voluntarily to certain principles." The preservation of identifiable social norms and a common moral code may, in fact, be necessary for the very survival of our free society.

Measured against these four principles, the 1980 Republican platform was a decidedly pro-family document. It acknowledged the political, legal, and moral significance of the Judeo-Christian tradition, ignored fashionable sociological theories of family diversity and change, promised efforts to overturn the 1973 abortion decisions, supported a tuition tax-credit plan, opposed federal meddling in the governance of private schools, and pledged a preference for the appointment of pro-family judges. Elements of the pro-family coalition, most visibly the Moral Majority, mobilized large numbers of voters behind Ronald Reagan and other friendly—mostly Republican—candidates. Post-election polls suggested that these voters provided a significant share of Reagan's popular electoral margin and may have tipped the balance in a number of senatorial contests, including those in Idaho, Iowa, Oklahoma, and Alabama.

As Reagan's own Family Policy Advisory Board soon made clear, the pro-family coalition expects its reward. In their November 20 report to the President-elect, this panel recommended, among other actions, the appointment of a Special Assistant to the President for family matters; priority legislative attention to the Human Life Amendment; presidential support for the so-called "Helms Amendment," which would limit the power of federal courts over voluntary prayer in public schools; the dismantling of the Department of Education; White House backing for the Family Protection Act; and the appointment of pro-family sympathizers to critical slots in the Departments of Justice, State, and Health and Human Services.

Connie Marshner, chairman of this group and the editor of *Family Protection Report,* expresses faith that Mr. Reagan will abide by his pledge to the Republican platform and remain consistent with his frequent endorsement of pro-family goals.

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She suggests quick initiatives on the Family Protection Act, focusing on those tax and education sections that would make an immediate difference in people's lives.

Yet in spite of apparent electoral success, the pro-family forces continue to face a powerful, clever, and implacable foe. In the words of Jo Ann Gasper, editor of the *Right Woman,* "There is a war going on for the preservation of society and the pagans are already within the walls." For it is clear that the modern liberal ethos still dominates most centers of national power. Outside the loss of some influence with the presidency and in the Senate, its partisans are still effectively in control. The federal bureaucracy, most universities, the relevant professions, the media, the federal courts, and, in some respects, the House of Representatives remain theirs. While currently making conciliatory noises, they will not voluntarily surrender their hold on these institutions.

Pro-family activists have won a political battle or two. Notwithstanding pretensions to majority status, though, they still remain a distinct and largely unorganized minority. Their agenda demands a reversal of nearly two decades of political, social, and intellectual evolution. However bankrupt and discredited these developments now stand, the difficulty of their task cannot be underestimated. A long and bitter struggle awaits those who defend traditional families before they and their children will again sleep in peace. □

John Nollson

MEN OF LETTERS

Papers filed in the Federal District Court will be the first shot fired in what promises to be a drawn-out battle to eradicate one of the most invidious forms of discrimination —alphabetism. Though it has not been much noticed, there has been a conscious attempt to shrink the alphabetical base of federal appointments, so that today large numbers of letters have been totally excluded. The facts are indisputable. As everyone knows, there are thirteen cabinet departments in the executive branch of the federal government. Though they are usually listed by *age,* a different pattern is revealed when they are listed in alphabetical order:

1) Agriculture
2) Commerce
3) Defense
4) Education
5) Energy
6) Health and Human Services (HHS)
7) Housing and Urban Development (HUD)
8) Interior
9) Justice
10) Labor
11) State
12) Transportation
13) Treasury

Though there are thirteen departments, only ten letters are represented. Indeed, only three letters account for fully six departments. President Carter's appointments made things worse, not better. In fact, when the cabinet is arranged in the alphabetical order derived from the surnames of the appointees, the list is scrambled, all the better to conceal what is really going on:

APPOINTEE	REVISED NUMERICAL STANDARD	GAIN OR LOSS
1) Andrus, Interior	rises from 8 to 1	+ 7
2) Bergland, Agriculture	drops from 1 to 2	-1
3) Brown, Defense	stays in 3rd place	0
4) Civiletti, Justice	rises from 9 to 4	+ 5
5) Duncan, Energy	stays in 5th place	0
6) Goldschmidt, Transp.	rises from 12 to 6	+ 6
7) Harris, HHS	rises from 6 to 7	+ 1
8) Hufstedler, Education	rises from 4 to 8	+ 4
9) Klutznik, Commerce	drops from 2 to 9	-7
10) Landrieu, HUD	drops from 7 to 10	-3
11) Marshall, Labor	drops from 10 to 11	-1
12) Miller, Treasury	rises from 13 to 12	+ 1
13) Muskie, State	drops from 11 to 13	-2

This rearrangement is revealing. Only four units of hierarchical elevation are recorded, whereas the aggregate drop in rankings is *26.* Put simply, there is no correlation between a cabinet member's standing by first letter of his department and his ranking by first letter of his surname. Indeed, only Bergland comes close to a one-to-one relation. If his name were Aergland, he would appear first on both lists. As for Brown, he is the only other Carter appointee who even came close.

Accordingly, we can establish a prima facie case that the Carter adminstration was guilty of alphabetical discrimination. *Not one member of the outgoing Carter cabinet had a surname beginning with a letter drawn from the second half of the alphabet.* Yes, it's a fact: These thirteen people originated exclusively in the first half of the alphabet.

Fortunately, the Reagan administration has moved to correct this, but not all that much. When the incoming cabinet is tabulated by alphabetical standing, the following pattern emerges:

1) Baldridge, Commerce
2) Bell, Education
3) Block, Agriculture
4) Donovan, Labor
5) Edwards, Energy
6) Haig, State
7) Lewis, Transportation
8) Pierce, Housing and Urban Development
9) Regan, Treasury
10) Schweiker, Health and Human Services
11) Smith, Justice
12) Watt, Interior
13) Weinberger, Defense

This is not unimpressive; fully five of the names, which is to say five-thirteenths or 38.46 percent, are drawn from the second half of the alphabet. Will the inevitable mid-term purge narrow the gap? The evidence of history is not very encouraging. The alphabetical ax really fell during President Carter's famous July Massacre of 1979. Dismissed then were Adams, Brock, Califano, and Schlesinger. The removal of an A, a B, and a C should have been an opportunity for the more disadvantaged letters, but it didn't happen. And it must be pointed out that, as of this writing,

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John Nollson's book, Washington in Pieces, *will be published in April by Doubleday.*

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there is but one cabinet appointee who has the desired one-to-one correspondence with his department—Edwards of Energy. Meanwhile, the gap between the *D* of Defense and the *W* of Weinberger bespeaks an obvious alphabetical spread.

The plaintiffs have an impressive case, but the defendants are quick to point out that, since there are only thirteen cabinet posts, at least half the letters of the alphabet will go unrepresented. Can something be done about this structural discrimination? Some suggest a straightforward doubling up by changing, let us say, the title of Secretary of Agriculture to Secretary of Agronomy and Beefraising. As for appointees, they might be drawn from among those with hyphenated surnames. But this is too complicated. Common sense tells us that there will be no justice until there are twenty-six cabinet departments, each beginning with a different letter. Only then can title and surname be properly matched to insure that those who appear in the latter part of the telephone directory are not subjected to pain, anguish, and public humiliation. Accordingly, the court is about to issue its order, establishing the following departments and naming the following appointees:

1) Secretary of Aquaculture: Alan Alda
2) Secretary of Breadbaking: Barry Bosworth
3) Secretary of Carpentry: Cathy Crosby
4) Secretary of Dentistry: David Dellinger
5) Secretary of Earthmoving: Edwin Edwards
6) Secretary of Fireworks: Farrah Fawcett
7) Secretary of Greetings: George Gobel
8) Secretary of Husbandry: Hollywood Henderson
9) Secretary of Innkeeping: Indianapolis Indiana
10) Secretary of Jaywalking: John Jefferson
11) Secretary of Knitting: Karlyn Keene
12) Secretary of Logarithms: Laurence Luckinbill
13) Secretary of Menshevism: Malcolm Muggeridge
14) Secretary of Nitpicking: Norman Norrel
15) Secretary of Orthodontia: Ole Olson
16) Secretary of Printmaking: Peter Peyser
17) Secretary of Quartz: Quentin Quip
18) Secretary of Rumbleseats: Richard Richards
19) Secretary of Stowaways: Stephen Stills
20) Secretaries of Truckstops: Tanya Tucker, Tina Turner
21) Secretary of Undulation: Ulrich Ulam
22) Secretary of Videodiscs: Vivian Vance
23) Secretary of Whittling: William Walton
24) Secretary of Xerography: Kopy Kat
25) Secretary of Yachting: Yancey Yardley
26) Secretary of Zoology: Edward Albee

The diphthongs will just have to wait their turn. □

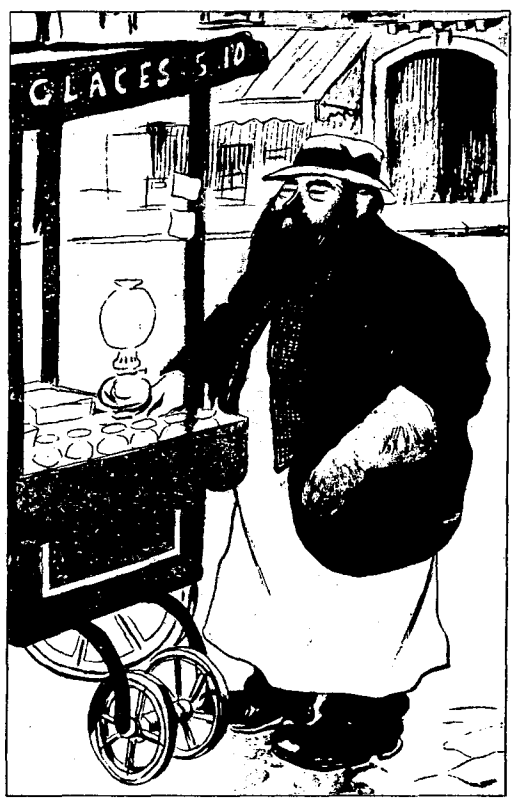
Roger Kaplan

THE WORLDLY POLITICIANS

In the April French elections the choice will be between the lesser of two appeasers.

In democracies people vote, governments change. The French have been rather obsessed with the electoral process for nearly a decade. De Gaulle had meant to give them stable political institutions, in which the politics of politicians would not get in the way of statesmanship, but the atmosphere now is so charged with political static that it sometimes reminds one of the worst days of the Third Republic. Because De Gaulle resigned the presidency, and Georges Pompidou died in office, there has not yet been an entirely normal transfer of power under Fifth Republic rules. In April, for the first time, there will be one. President Valéry Giscard D'Estaing will either win a second term, or he will be replaced.

During the long run-up to the legislative elections of 1978, the winds of history seemed to many observers to be blowing for the "Left," that is to say the Socialist and Communist parties (and a splinter of the small Radical party) united by a revolutionary manifesto titled "Programme commun de gouvernement." The "majorité" (the ruling *Union pour la Démocratie Française* and its Gaullist allies) won decisively, however, in no small part because the Communists had scruples about being the juniors in a government of the Left, but in larger part for the simple reason that most Frenchmen do not want "changer la vie," to change life, as the slogan had it. For the parties of the non-Communist left (unlike, say, the German Social Democrats) have remained stubbornly committed to a vision of society in which there is no profit motive and there are no limousines. Most but by no means all: The 1978 elections saw the governing parties take a comfortable majority of seats in the National Assembly, but only on the strength of about 51 percent of the popular vote. This is a respectable majority in a society like ours, where neither party (at least in its avowed intents) expects to "change life" by destroying "capitalism," but it is perhaps alarming when it seems to signify that nearly half the voters are eager to turn the world upside down.



Actually, I myself don't think 49 percent of the French electorate in 1978 wanted to turn the world, much less France, upside down. It has been argued to the point of nausea that the French are "profoundly conservative," but it happens to be true. It happens to be true that most people are profoundly conservative. And the more conservative (in the simple sense of being stable) are the main institutions of society —political parties and money, to name two—the more confidence people have to strike out boldly in search of great things. In its long periods of political and monetary stability, most recently from about 1949 to 1970, the United States demonstrated this; it has been, and again will be, the most stable and the most excitingly innovative of nations. Thrown for a full decade into political and economic disarray by unthink-

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ing experts and ambitious rascals, the United States became in many ways a far less exciting place to live and work. France, by contrast, was unchanging and increasingly dull during the politically chaotic Fourth Republic, but under the Fifth it has at least found some of its bearings and, as the Hudson Institute's Edmund Stillman very ably documented, taken off.

Many Frenchmen vote left these days not to express revolutionary conviction, but rather to express unhappiness with the fact that essentially the same people have been in power since 1958. Even making allowance for the 1974 shift in the components of the governing majority (the Gaullists were then relegated to second place), this is a long stretch. Democracy requires changes of leadership. This is demonstrated most radically in the Italian situation, where the Christian Democrats have been in power since the end of World War II and the Italian government is a corrupt shambles; but the alternative is Communism. Most Frenchmen who vote left are voting for a democratic left. Unfortunately, their votes could bring to power the enemies of democracy.

With its defeat in 1978, the preposterously named Union of the Left fell apart, and until recently Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's reelection seemed a certainty. But his popularity is not profound. His 1974 mandate was mainly negative. He said that he was the man to calm things down ("décrisper"), to continue in De Gaulle's vocation of restoring France to its rightful place in the community of nations, and to get the nation intact through "la crise," the economic crisis into which the world is supposed to have plunged after the first OPEC price offensive in 1973.

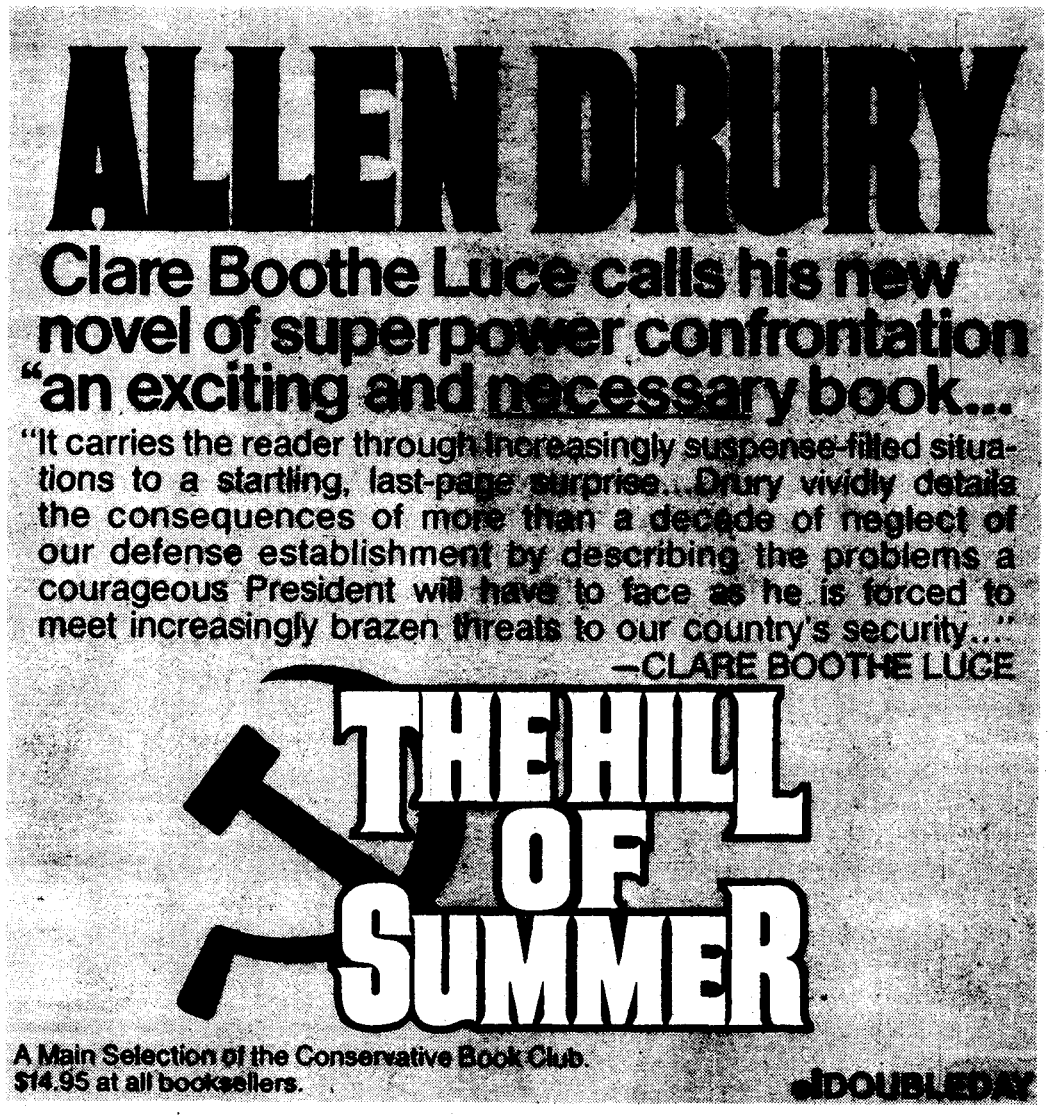
Giscard d'Estaing has done rather well what he said he would do. His (and prime minister Raymond Barre's) free-market reforms have been, from the evidence gathered so far, much more successful than Mrs. Thatcher's in Great Britain (for whatever the comparison is worth). In the world, France is respected—albeit despised on occasion for its opportunism—if not exactly feared. Its vessels cruise the Indian Ocean and its troops, spearheaded by heroic Foreign Legionnaires, help maintain the peace in West Africa, despite their recent retreat from Chad in the face of numerically superior, Soviet-tanked, East-German-advised Libyans. More rapidly than any other country, France is building a nuclear energy industry, which among other side effects may facilitate the decision to send the Legionnaires to Tripoli next time a French embassy is burned there.

But Giscard has no real base. Unlike the Communists with their proletarian faithful who give them close to 20 percent of the vote fairly regularly, unlike the Socialists with their idealistic militants drawn from the middle-level managerial and professional strata (also about 20 percent or a bit more), unlike the Gaullists with their appeal to the patriotism of all classes, the President has not made of the UDF (itself a coalition of several "center" parties) a *movement* in the accepted French sense. You do not enter the *Giscardien* movement; you vote for the UDF because it is basically the party of order and that is all you need to know. You say "vous" not "tu" to your friends in the coalition, who are neither your Communist *camarades* nor your Gaullist *compagnons*. Perhaps they should try *citoyens*, to regain the heady flavor of the French Revolution, but that would scare away the very people who vote . . . for order.

Giscard's confidence is based on the accurate observation that there are enough Frenchmen who are neither uncompromising nationalists nor true socialist believers to return him, or someone like him, to power. In a way, the real tragedy of French politics is that there are so few politicians with the national stature of Giscard d'Estaing. If there were, his unpopular policies, such as groveling before the Arabs, could be rejected without bringing in an unguided missile like Jacques Chirac, mayor of Paris and leader of the neo-Gaullist* *Rassemblement pour la République*, or a rigid Gaullist fanatic like Michel Debré, or a Marxist revolutionist.

Besides, Giscard has done a reasonably good if not inspiring job and he knows that in the pinch the voters will put him over if the other candidate is François Mitterrand. The latter came very close the last time the two met, in 1974. His star began to fade after the 1978 legislative elections, at the same time that the star of Michel Rocard, his main rival in the party, began to rise. When, under intense pressure from the party professionals, Rocard withdrew in favor of the older man, many moderate Socialist voters were deeply disappointed. Giscard knows that many of their votes will go to him in the second round, as word gets out that Mitterrand is offering important ministerial posts to the Communists in an effort to make them get the votes out for him at the eleventh hour. Plus that until that hour, the Communist party's own candidate, the stalinosupremo Georges Marchais, is going to keep on attacking the decidedly ill-starred Socialists far more vehemently than the President, thereby dividing the Left once again. (Which

*I am using the term "neo-Gaullist" to describe Chirac's movement only because most of the American press seems to have taken it up. I am not sure how it is "neo," but there is strong argument that Gaullism ended with De Gaulle (except for Debré, faithful among the faithful to the point of caricature), and in this sense the RPR is indeed "neo," as in "new Gaullists," though there are plenty of old ones in it. This maddening nonsense explains why when they themselves get fed up with it, the Gaullists, new and old, divide France quite simply in two: themselves vs. "le parti de l'étranger," the camp of traitors.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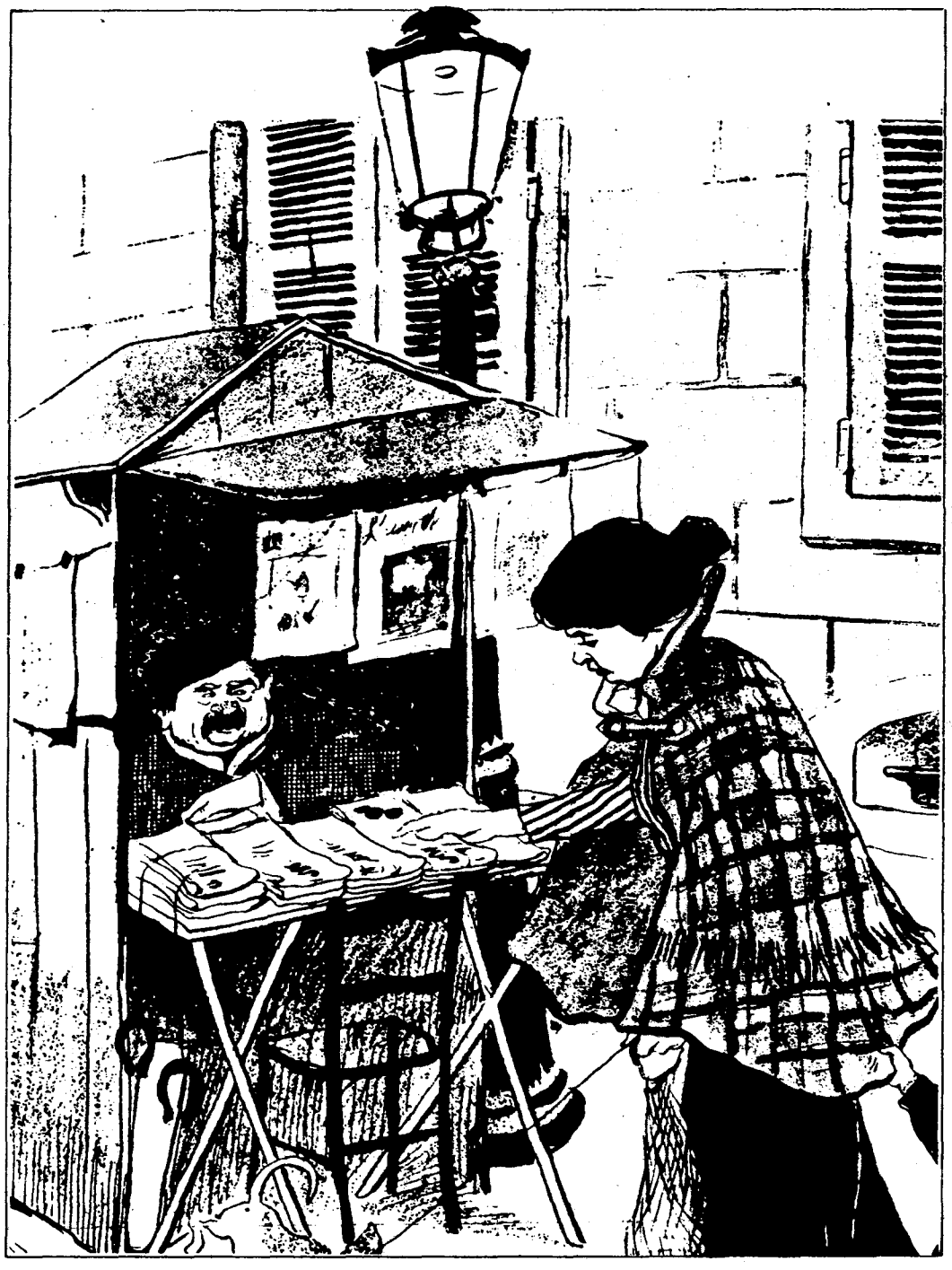
causes some nasty commentators to whisper loudly that Moscow loves Giscard. One wonders why. Could it be he is a soft touch when the issue is trade?)

Or so the President's men were arguing until late last year, when they were forced to revise this serene and rather sentimental view of things. Polls showed that Communist voters would bolt party orders to abstain from voting in the runoff. Among Gaullists, on the other hand, the sentiment to abstain appeared to be running deep. Meaning Mitterrand might get more of Marchais's initial 15-20 percent than Giscard would get of the Gaullist fifth. Result: Mitterrand by one or two percentage points, if not better—particularly since Rocard is advising his men to work faithfully for the party.

This was bad enough, but then the Gaullist politicians got into the act. Early on, Michel Debré challenged Giscard from the chauvinist Right. Far more interesting has been the challenge posed by Marie-France Garaud. Although she is not well known and is not given much chance of gathering more than five percent of the vote, this lady is one of the most brilliant politicians in France. She has spent most of her career as an *éminence grise* in the Gaullist movement, but when she saw her men backing down from a fight with Giscard—whom she considers an appeaser—she decided to carry to the voters her campaign for vigilance in the face of Soviet expansionism.

Marie-France Garaud is too intelligent not to know that in attacking Giscard d'Estaing on foreign policy she may well be doing him a big favor: For if Giscard is an appeaser, Marchais is a fifth columnist and Mitterrand something in between. The Garaud campaign, if this logic holds, will have the effect of getting otherwise apathetic conservative voters into the booths for the second round to elect the lesser of two appeasers.

More significantly, however, Garaud's campaign has placed world politics where it belongs—before the voters. Forced to defend his foreign policy record, Giscard will have to make commitments that he will not be able to discard lightly after his reelection.



Marie-France Garaud's challenge is a matter of principle, an attempt to force the President to define himself more clearly. Michel Debré's challenge, however unkind it is to say this, is mainly the temperamental fit of an embittered man. Politically, the real damage was done in the first week of February when Jacques Chirac, mayor of Paris, finally decided to run.

Chirac had hesitated because he feared that a poor showing (under 20 percent, and polls have been giving him 14) in the first round would destroy him politically. He apparently decided that not running might destroy his party, the *Rassemblement pour la République*. (It currently holds the largest number of seats in the National Assembly.) The only justification for his candidacy is the argument that the President has failed, particularly in economic policy (about 1.4 million unemployed, inflation in the high teens), but also in foreign affairs. If Chirac fails in the first round—which in effect serves as a primary, no one being expected to win a majority—the risk is that the President will be left weakened before facing the winner of the Left's primary (i.e., Mitterrand) in the second round, or runoff.

How bad is Giscard's foreign policy, in fact? He seems to have turned the other cheek—or at least looked the other way—when dealing with Qaddafi. He has encouraged the West Europeans to move toward recognition of the PLO terrorist gangs, in the thoroughly illusory hope that this might ease their oil problems. In what can only be seen as a spectacular gesture of appeasement, he travelled to Warsaw behind his allies' backs to confer with Brezhnev soon after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. All this is deplorable, even appalling, in fact disgusting. One may doubt whether Jacques Chirac would have done any of these things, certainly Marie-France Garaud would not have.

Still, it is only fair to note that Giscard has authorized the development of the enhanced radiation weapon, and has staged shows of force (however ambiguous) in Africa and on the Indian Ocean. The neutron bomb in French hands can only mean that France is moving from the all-or-nothing deterrent concept of the *force de frappe* (a kind of mini-MAD) to a conception of limited nuclear war which takes into account Soviet war-fighting doctrines and involves, in essense, repelling a Soviet assault out of Mecklenburg, Brandenburg, and Thuringia—otherwise known as the German Democratic Republic—before it reaches the Rhine. This news brings great comfort to the hearts of the West Germans, of course, but it must be remembered that possession of a limited war option does not automatically mean the option will be exercised, and there are many who doubt France will ever fight for Germany.

Still again, having an option, having the hardware, is a step ahead of simply having

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a concept. What is still required is the will to use it, and, beyond that, the ability to convince your opponent that you have it. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing may be the president of a strong and dynamic country filled with intelligent, well-educated, resourceful people, but if he shakes hands with the top totalitarian upon the latter's rape of a small poorly armed country, what signal is he sending? Maybe Giscard shouted at Brezhnev last year in Warsaw, maybe he was defiant, like Vercingétorix before Caesar. Who knows? Whatever Giscard did, Brezhnev at any rate did not act any more nicely afterwards: He sent his Cuban-trained Guadeloupan thugs to stir things up in the French Antilles.

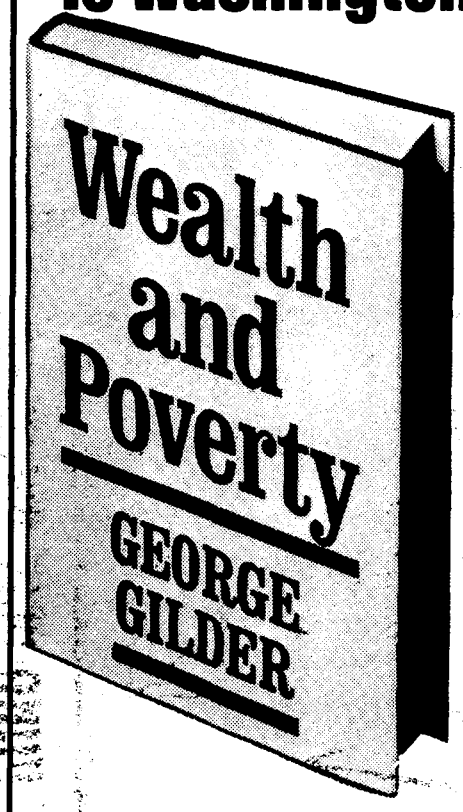
• • •

The preceding sketch of the French political landscape is easy enough for any half-informed citizen of any Western democracy to follow. The French are preparing for an election, the Germans had one last October, and we in November. And many of the issues last fall were similar, or at least comparable, to the ones the French will ponder or dismiss in April. Helmut Schmidt's foreign policy was attacked by the Christian Democrats along with their Bavarians, and by leftists within his own party to whom the logical next step in *Ostpolitik* is neutrality between the superpowers. The sitting Chancellor prevailed because he convinced the German voters he had the situation sufficiently under control. Margaret Thatcher, tough on defense, principled on everything, might well lose an election if it were held today, unless the British people were convinced—as well they might be—that HM's loyal opposition had been captured by collectivist little-Englanders who are proposing an alternative infinitely worse than radical Toryism. Yes, this is all familiar. The point of it, though, is that, beset by oppositions loyal and not so loyal, the governments of the democracies are expected by their citizens to work up the nerve to meet the responsibility they were above all else elected to fulfill—to face down an adversary whose opposition is in jail, in psychiatric hospitals, in labor camps, or in exile, and whose military might can do us all in. This will not be easy, for shifts in the military balance have given the Soviets greater freedom of aggressive movement: What Frank Barnett and Brian Crozier call the "window of opportunity" has been opened a crack in the Middle East, Central America, and southern Africa. The "danger," as Paul Nitze has been saying, is "present." And if we do not do something about it soon, Eugene Rostow warns, we will "slide toward war."

It sounds almost like a caricature to line up the themes this way, but the voters understand them, which is why in election after election lately they have instinctively turned to conservatives whose prejudices in foreign affairs are sounder than those of liberals. For that matter, even those whose profession it is to deal with political ideas and international issues now understand the situation. A series of magnificent essays which the camp of appeasement only a few years ago would have assailed as bellicose or hysterical has gone virtually unchallenged.† The facts are no longer, if closed, for the moment, with Theodore Draper's magisterial survey of the Alliance's discontents in the Winter 1981 *Washington Quarterly*. To these beacons can be added Walter Laqueur's cold-eyed observations on the West European drift toward neutralism (in *Commentary* and in several articles appearing in the *New Republic*) and the profound diagnoses of the state of the moral health of the Western nations by Irving Kristol and Michael Howard (in *Washington Quarterly, Wall Street Journal,* and *Encounter*). Regarding the U.S. there has been no shortage of alarm-ringers. One need only mention the writings of Robert Tucker on the responsibilities of power in the Middle East, and the impassioned voice of Norman Podhoretz in his book *The Present Danger,* to recall how great was the alarm provoked by the disastrous foreign policy of the past several years.

†The series might be said (quite arbitrarily) to have started with Raymond Aron's pessimistic assessment of the rise of Soviet hegemonism published in the French *Commentaire* in early 1979 (and reprinted in *Washington Quarterly,* Summer 1979); to have reached a polemical high point with Leopold Labedz's stunningly effective demonstration of the results of ten or more years of Western political weak-mindedness (*Encounter,* December 1980); and to have

Is Washington Going Capitalist?



Program Director at the International Center for Economic Policy Studies in Manhattan. Mr. Gilder has written speeches for five presidential campaigns and is frequently called to testify before congress on economic matters. He is the author of five books and has written articles for many publications including *Harpers, Forbes, Commentary, The Wall Street Journal,* and *National Review.*

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ever they really were, in dispute. The question is how can we organize ourselves politically for the defense of the West. The intellectual battle is not going to be over whether the other side has been trying to breach the line, but rather over how to hold it. In this sense, the issues of foreign policy will have a high profile in domestic politics, and in turn will be profoundly affected by it. This is why the details of an electoral season, such as we see today in France, are at once so important and so nerve-wracking. Gone are the disputes between Senator Moynihan and Ambassador McHenry over whether or not the world is a dangerous place. The dispute is again going to be: What are we going to do about it?

As a first principle, we have Alexander Haig's recent statement to *L'Express:* "The entire world is NATO's business." And the most important immediate test of the Allies' ability to defend themselves *ensemble* will probably be in the Middle East.‡ For the interests of Western Europe in the Middle East are not only economic. To be sure, if the oil fields of the Persian Gulf fall into hostile hands (as if they were now in friendly hands!) before the full development of the North Sea fields and the French and German nuclear energy programs, the prospects for European freedom will remain bleak indeed. But Western Europe has a moral stake in the security of Israel, and that constitutes its primary interest in the Middle East. For if Israel is destroyed while Europe stands by, there will be no way for the Europeans to claim the right to live as free men.

Do they know this? No one can say. In America at least, the ability to give foreign policy some moral content is rarer than we thought, and the most recent practitioners have left us with a surfeit of moralism. The Europeans are said to be more cynical, more realistic. They used to profess great admiration for Henry Kissinger because he practiced a diplomacy with no moral reference points. But one can ask whether a nation can do great things in the world without a strong sense of its moral purpose.

In point of fact there has been an alarming deterioration of the civic sense in the democracies. When we look at ourselves, we might reflect that Lyndon Johnson's gravest political mistake was to allow college boys to avoid military service. His later cancellation of college draft deferments came too late to mitigate the demographic fact that the Vietnam era draft was far from universal. Not only did the botched conscription policy lose him the public support he thought it would win him, it left a legacy of instability far more destructive than the depreciation of the currency set in motion by his refusal to ask the people to pay for the war. Johnson unwittingly told a large majority of a whole generation that the nation could take care of its most important business—the maintenance of national security—without them. The mental habits, the lowered sense of citizenship, that resulted are only now being redressed.

In Europe, where (except for Britain) conscription is taken for granted, the moral impairment is of a different nature. The Europeans are gripped by a collective memory of unspeakable horrors, a memory which instructs them that nothing is so important as to justify war, especially the kind that would be waged on European territory by the Warsaw Pact and NATO.

It is understandable that the Europeans might listen to the instructions of their memory, given all that they have done to themselves and to the rest of the world in the twentieth century. In any case, they owe it to us to make up their minds and say so now. For while it still may be possible for us to retreat from Western Europe and set up new defensive lines before the outbreak of hostilities, if we are to remain in Europe only to be beaten on the ground between the Elbe and the Rhine because our Allies have lost their nerve (which would be far, far worse than our boys mishandling their equipment, a currently much-discussed possibility), we might as well close up shop.

But the Europeans will not make up their minds: It is not in the nature of democracies to adhere to a clear course in foreign affairs for very long. The collective mind of a democracy is made up in the moment of crisis. The question is whether it is more likely to make up its mind to defend its own values, or to capitulate to the values of its enemies. The only way to increase the likelihood of the former, is to insist that questions of war and peace be determined by moral considerations, not just economic expediency. That is why the Europeans' willingness to stand by Israel is the real test of their willingness to stand for themselves. □

‡The threat represented by the expected Soviet invasion of Poland is of a different order. Save for economic and political responses, unfortunately, there is virtually nothing that West Europe can do for the Poles—even though it is Europe's civilization which the Soviets will be attacking.

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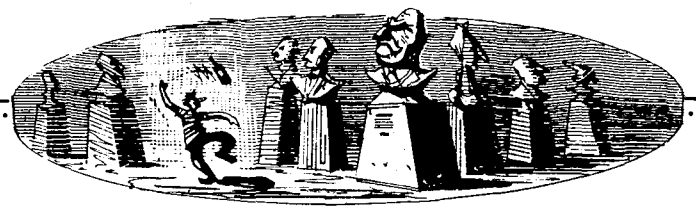

EMINENTOES

TAILGUNNING FOR THE HOLLYWOOD TEN

by Paul Seabury

At Christmastime a Los Angeles friend sent me a holiday letter about his life down there. Among other things, he reported:

I read an excerpt from Navasky's book* and found it interesting. I love all that gossip about people who squealed on whom. What is interesting is that the people themselves are not very important. Screen writers, actors, and movie composers hardly represent the cream of American culture, after all. By the way, on election night I found myself with a group of people which included a formerly blacklisted screenwriter. His wife kept pestering me about Reagan's having gassed the students. I tried to point out some of the more obvious differences between Buchenwald and Berkeley, but I had a sense it was a losing cause.

At the time there seemed to me something contradictory in these observations: screenwriters and actors not important—at a time when our next president was and is an actor? This thought set my mind in motion (since I, too, had been reading *Naming Names*): If it had not been for the unpleasant events which inspired Navasky to write this book, our current president certainly would be someone other than Ronald Reagan.

Reagan's road to Damascus was Hollywood Boulevard; his conversion came in his fight in the 1940s with Hollywood Communists who sought to control the Screen Actors' Guild and the film industry. What is less well known today is that, as president of the SAG, Reagan with many others fought to save the industry—not just from Communist control, but also from anti-Communist vigilantes whose excesses of character assassination threatened the livelihood of hundreds of decent people, and the industry itself.

The Hollywood Left, having a merciless memory, seems not to have forgiven Reagan for choosing this course of action—saving Hollywood rather than saving *them*. If one of Reagan's purposes was to protect individual actors and writers from false accusations, it was not his purpose to shield Communists from true ones. In his memoirs of that time, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, Reagan is perfectly clear about this matter. Though at the height of the blacklisting crusade he drafted a SAG resolution attacking the Association of Motion Picture Producers for banning the "Hollywood Ten" (Navasky's heroes), he had no illusions as to what he was doing. "We, of course, did nothing to clear those who were leaders in the effort to destroy the industry," he later said. His affection for his profession transcended whatever interest he had at the time in the welfare of Marxist-Leninists.

As might be expected, Navasky approaches this historical drama from a quite different perspective: that of the Communists and ex-Communists in the industry. His book contains fascinating depictions of painful events in this sordid battle. Navasky informs it with what is to him an overarching cosmic question: Is it evil to squeal on friends?

Were one to take Navasky's ethical issue seriously, as it has figured in twentieth-century congressional investigations, surely something like a *Fox's Book of Martyrs* could be compiled, showing the many occasions when loyalty to friends collided, either with the law or with considerations of civic propriety. There would be many chapters: Teapot Dome; the Nye munitions investigations; Senator La Follette's civil liberties investigations; the Kefauver crime investigations; the inquiry into Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters; the House Un-American Activities Committee inquiry into Fascist, Nazi, and Communist operations; and, of course, Watergate. Despite the excesses of zeal which each of these inquiries contained, it must be said that the justification of each lay in some particular civic purpose. The names of their victims (or "victims") would include clouds of witnesses and martyrs—Albert B. Fall, Andrew J. Mellon, J.P. Morgan, Fritz Kuhn (of the German-American Bund), Father Coughlin, Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers, Jimmy Hoffa, John Dean, Jeb Magruder, Richard Nixon, and many, many more—including Victor Navasky's heroes of the American Communist party. When summoned to testify before a congressional committee as to some alleged misdoing, crime, or conspiracy, a witness frequently is faced with the dilemma of conscience vs. loyalty when it come to possible questions about unsavory activities of friends and accomplices.

If asked whether a stool pigeon is more, or less, admirable than someone who takes the First or Fifth Amendment, most of us probably would prevaricate and first ask to be told about the concrete circumstances. But Navasky—at least for the purposes of argument in this partisan work—is of a different mind. He asserts that we Americans have made up our minds on the subject. "In the abstract," he says, "Americans would probably subscribe to E.M. Forster's famous sentiment: 'If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country.'" Stool-pigeoning, he says, goes against the Judeo-Christian ethic also—as in the famous

* Victor S. Navasky, *Naming Names*, Viking Press, 1980, $17.95. Mr. Navasky is editor of the *Nation*, which contributes regularly to the "Current Wisdom" section of this magazine.

Paul Seabury is Professor of Political Science at the University of California, Berkeley.

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instance of Judas Iscariot.

Now, when the hardline Communist "Hollywood Ten," and others less connected with the Party in that city in that troubled time, were summoned before the House Un-American Activities Committee, the purpose of the investigation was to explore (and to advertise) the extent of Communist influence in the motion picture industry, while the purpose of hardline Communists then was to turn the occasion into a tactical propaganda clash between the Committee and themselves. Some, but not all. An interesting feature of Navasky's book is his exploration of the varieties of ways in which subpoenaed witnesses chose to respond to questions. Since, among other things, the HUAC (Navasky designates it as an "enemy") was on a fishing expedition to have witnesses reveal their associations and associates, the question posed for many a Marxist-Leninist was: Do I refuse to testify and thus protect my friends? Or do I become a "cooperative witness," tell all, and save my own skin? Between these extremes there were many possibilities and motives. Navasky, interviewing the survivors of this ordeal many years later, explores in subtle ways the various considerations leading each to choose and justify his own course of action. His is no objective book; Navasky has his bad guys and good guys; the brightest and best were the hardliners (i.e., the "Ten") who chose to clam up. He approvingly quotes a statement of one of the hardest of them, John Howard Lawson: "The idea that true radicals are obligated to adhere to the rules of disclosure imposed by their oppressors seems too fantastic to merit discussion."

This congressional investigation of the film industry, as also the subsequent McCarthy hearings of the U.S. Senate, was a sordid chapter in American political history. Its cast of characters—congressmen, staffers, lawyers, and witnesses—is not such as to convert us to Spinoza's benign view of human nature. The squalid shouting matches between Marxist-Leninist witnesses and committee interrogators (typical, incidentally, of many other such investigations of Communist activities at the time) was deftly exploited for propaganda purposes by hardliners on both sides. The parade of repentant (or at least regretful) ex-true believers was not an elevating civic spectacle. Nor was the subsequent widespread blacklisting of individuals tainted with Communist affiliations. The ritual of confession, by those who had broken with the Party for whatever reason, was unpleasant. Yet when all is said, whatever the abuses of investigatory procedures, one cannot quarrel with the authority of Congress to inquire into this matter. At that time, as now, Marxist-Leninists were no friends to America. Regardless of the question of how influential the Marxist-Leninists in Hollywood then were, their *attempt* to dominate Hollywood surely was a fit matter for public inquiry.

Navasky, as I said, regards HUAC as an enemy. But an intriguing aspect of his moral judgments is that to him the worst enemy was the squealer and, in that category, the *liberal* squealer. This creates a contradiction. How could E.M. Forster's dictum apply to liberal anti-Communists like the columnist James Wechsler or Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who surely were no friends of Navasky's idols? Wechsler, for example, when later subpoenaed by Joe McCarthy's Internal Security subcommittee, appeared voluntarily, "named names" of Communists, but at the same time used the occasion to defend loyally the integrity of *his* calling, the Press, against McCarthy's ruthless savagings. Logically, one might assume that Navasky should concede the honorableness of Wechsler's response, at least on these grounds.

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But instead Navasky sees Wechsler as a despicable symbol of American liberalism, and, in fact, he condemns all anti-Communist liberals. Attempting an analogy with the behavior of Nazi concentration-camp inmates (many of whom collaborated with their captors), Navasky writes, "In much the same way did many liberals form an unholy alliance not only with the congressional investigators but with the whole entourage of informers, collaborators, guilty bystanders, and go-alongers."

Considered as a sandwich, this book is more interesting for its bread than for its filling—for what its first and last chapters say about Navasky's moral vision.

Toward the end, Navasky includes a chapter which he titles "On Forgiveness." This, I should emphasize, is not at all concerned with the overall question of some *general* reconciliation among all the stars in this drama. Nor is it concerned with whether "we" should consider the participants in it as eligible for pardon or amnesty, or whether they and their latter-day sympathizers should be forgiven by "history." For Navasky, since the hard-core "Hollywood Ten" "have emerged in the culture as moral examplars," the question is whether *they* should forgive those who betrayed *them*!

Navasky refers this question to the survivors of the "Ten," and they disagree among themselves. One of them (a man named Dalton Trumbo) feels that those who freely testified before HUAC deserve rehabilitation:

> "[I]n a country which, after a reasonable period of punishment, returns murderers and rapists to society . . . I have no intention of fanning the embers of justifiable hatred which burned so brightly twenty-five years ago."

Another, Albert Maltz, disagrees: "People who commit crimes, even moral crimes, must be punished." Navasky interprets their differences as follows:

> Despite their disenchantment with the Communist Party, each remained involved with the community of those who share socialist-humanist values: Trumbo would strengthen it by inviting the informers back in from the cold; Maltz would protect it from contamination by those he regards as still unclean.

So in the end it comes down to whether these "moral exemplars" should punish or pardon their old enemies. Navasky himself dodges this momentous issue; when heroes disagree, who should judge between them? All he can say is that "Hellman, Trumbo, Maltz and their comrades resisted and prevailed."

A reader might want to know why Navasky regards those movie Stalinists as having noble qualities when, from time to time, he acknowledges the excesses of Stalin. Navasky gives a sophisticated answer. It would be a "mistake," he argues, "to repeat one of the great political confusions of the 1950s—the merging of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia in the American image of totalitarianism. . . . Hannah Arendt's strictures on the evils of the totalitarian state . . . should not be manipulated to obscure the profound differences between Marxists, who identified† with the weak and spoke the language of social justice, and fascists, who identified with an elite and spoke the language of racism and violence."

Thus Navasky's ultimate justification of Communists lies in their fine motives, courage, and human imperfection. But both movements—Nazism and Communism—when exterminating millions of people, pursued social justice—the one in the name of race, the other in the name of class. And both then spoke the language of violence. Communists still do.

But stay! There is yet a quaint feature at the end of this book that may explain Navasky even more. This is the analogy he draws between the Hollywood investigations and the Nazi concentration camps.

Navasky covers himself before launching into his study of comparative repression. There *was*, he says, a difference between what happened in Hollywood and what happened in Buchenwald; things were much worse in the latter inferno. With that qualification out of the way, Navasky proceeds to use the experience of the concentration camps to drive home a moral point. In the camps (here he cites Bruno Bettelheim and others) there were those inmates who broke, who collaborated; then there were those who did not break. Chief among the latter were the tough Communists—a not unoriginal observation. To some, they were heroes. So also in Hollywood. But Navasky fails to mention one exception the camp Communists made to the rule of non-collaboration. The single way in which Communists deliberately collaborated in the camps was to squeal to their captors about *their* enemies in the camps (Social Democrats in particular)—not exactly a nice thing, but true nonetheless, and quite in accord with the Party's iron discipline. Communists, after all, do not subscribe to the famous dictum, *pas d'ennemi à gauche*. Navasky's parallel, between this congressional inquiry and Hitler's death camps, tells more about the author than about his *dramatis personae*.

What is remarkable about this publishing event is not so much the contents of the book as it is its rave reviews. Typical of these is Nicholas von Hoffmann's endorsement, which appears on the dust jacket. Since jackets have a way of disintegrating, as time goes on, von Hoffman's comment should be preserved in the amber of *The American Spectator*.

I read *Naming Names* with fascinated stupefaction. It is a unique, valuable, and dramatic description of a society without defenses against the destruction of its own best values. I hope everyone with even half a care for justice, civil rights, or simple individual eccentricity reads *Naming Names*. □

†Note here Navasky's use of past tense, as though Marxists, like Nazis, belong to the ages. Note also the reference to fascists, not Nazis. In the terminology of Marxist-Leninism even today, Hitler's Germany invariably is called "Fascist" (which technically it was not), and never "Nazi." John Lukacs, in his *New History of the Cold War*, has made the interesting point that Communists must do this, since to acknowledge the real name, National Socialism, would be to reveal its strong resemblance to their Socialist operations. But this is another story.

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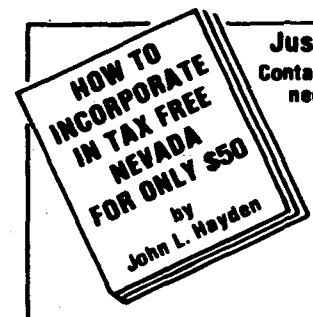

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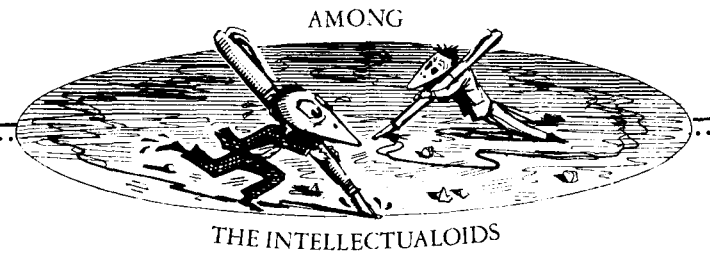


GROWING UP FREAKED

by John Podhoretz

Women are not brought into this life to bear children: This more than anything else has been the message of the Women's Liberation Movement. If anything differentiates men from women, it is that the latter bear children, and the egalitarian Women's Movement has devoted most of its formidable energies towards the eradication of any such differentiation. Shulamith Firestone, in the Movement's early days, wrote that "the end goal of feminist revolution must be . . . not just the elimination of male privilege but of the sex distinction itself: genital differences between human beings would no longer matter culturally." Thus, the Movement has been dedicated to the elimination of motherhood itself, of the responsibility of women to be mothers, and of the role of women as the particular rearers of children.

But no social movement which seeks to succeed in the world at large can continue preaching what the Women's Movement preached in its youth; that is, the primary responsibility of women *not* to bear and raise children. No longer can the successful Women's Movement insist, as it once did, that the salvation of mankind lies in the ability of scientists to make babies in test tubes. For women—even those who fully accept the *Ms.* magazine gospel—still have and always will have babies. So what now? How can feminism mean anything if childbearing is to continue?

Letty Cottin Pogrebin, an editor of *Ms.*, has provided the answer in a long, painstakingly researched manual called *Growing Up Free.** The problem, Mrs. Pogrebin informs us, is not in childbearing but in childrearing. All children have, until now, been brought up as subjects of a patriarchy, according to Mrs. Pogrebin, a "sexual class system" based in male domination of mankind. What we must do now is break out of the mold of this woman-hating "value system" with a genderless form of moral education she calls "Non-Sexist Child-Rearing."

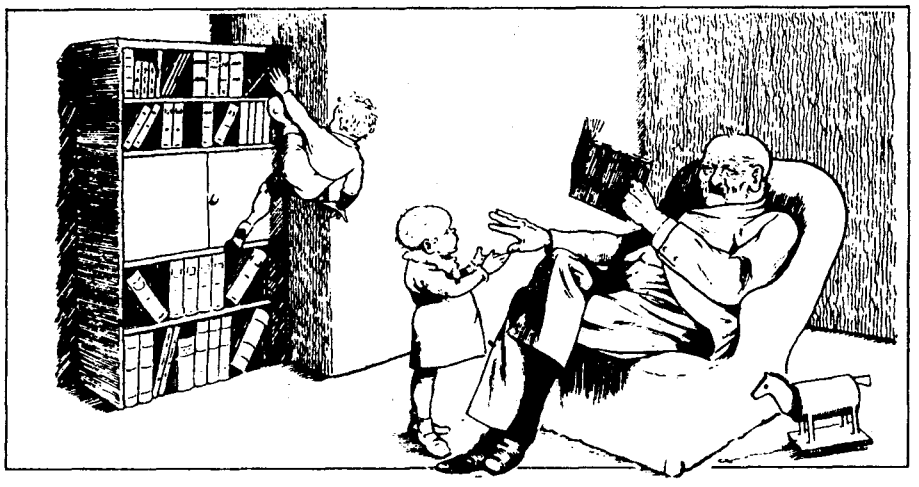
Non-sexist child-rearing, as Mrs. Pogrebin understands it, is a comprehensive method of education, beginning with the first stirrings of the unborn child in his mother's womb to that child's assumption of adulthood. It moves from the trivial—substituting "neutral" colors for the identifiable blue and pink in the nursery—to the profound—monitoring children's schoolbooks and favorite television programs for "sexist bias," making sure that both girls and boys are given the same opportunities in physical education, and eliminating from one's vocabulary any word with the suffix "men" attached to it. If children are to grow up "free," their parents must protect them from the patriarchical world outside which is ever ready to ensnare them and program them into becoming responsible citizens in a "male-dominated" world.

The "original fallacy" by which the patriarchy functions goes as follows: "The two sexes are different; the two sexes are opposites; one sex is better than the other." Or in other, more telling words, "Boys Are Better," and "Girls Are Meant to Be Mothers."

It is this "fallacy" which reigns supreme in male-dominated cultures, and which also imprisons women in a job with "built-in obsolescence" during middle age. But it is not women alone who are hurt by the patriarchy; men are as well. From an extremely early age fathers expect "achievement" of their sons, whether it be success in sports, or at "leadership," or in school. Boys are less lovingly treated by mothers than are girls, so the "studies" Mrs. Pogrebin never tires of quoting tell us, since too much affection will make a boy into a "sissy"—which, we are to understand, is the worst possible fate a boy of the patriarchy can suffer. A father will mistreat and abuse the "sissy," other boys will ostracize him, his mother will be ashamed of him, and he will be alone and lost. This is the reason boys generally do less well in elementary school than girls; they have been so tied up in knots by the unrealistic expectations and unnatural demands of their fathers that they bear the burden of all human achievement. They know not what to do. They are miserable.

Little girls, on the other hand, have a somewhat easier time of it. Their mothers "identify" with them, give them special love and affection, and even their fathers, who consider them less worthy than their brothers, kiss them. They do well in elementary school. But when they begin to menstruate, as their breasts begin to grow and boys begin to grow interested in them, the years of social conditioning to accept inferior status begin to take their toll. The moment they begin to dream of marriage and children, all is lost.

Led ever subtly through infancy and childhood into their "social roles," all children during puberty start assuming the roles of their parents. The boy, driven by his father and his overwhelming libido to worship the god Accomplishment, strives ever higher and achieves ever more. The girl stagnates, already on the lookout for steady boyfriends with whom she can mimic marriage. She settles for less, for she cannot fight the patriarchy. And so it has been, and so it will be, unless something is done.



Non-sexist child-rearing, then. All sexual distinctions must be eradicated if children and adults are to be released from age-old bondage. "More Dad, Less Mom, and a Balance of Power and Love," Mrs. Pogrebin declares; only in this way will children come to see that boys aren't better, that girls aren't meant to be mothers. They must see their father in an apron, their mother carrying a briefcase, and both of them naked, so that genitalia will be matters of fact, not of mystery. And they must be placed as infants in day-care centers where, with children of like-minded parents, they can develop "non-sexist," "open, caring friendships."

Mrs. Pogrebin's child-care manual represents a milestone in the development of the Women's Liberation Movement. (One always knows when a social movement has come of age; it publishes its own textbook on the raising of children.) For although Dr. Spock receives high marks from Mrs. Pogrebin for adding material on non-sexist child-care to his 1976 edition of *Baby and Child Care,* clearly the feminists needed their own book. Praised by such notables as Marlo Thomas, Phil Donahue, and Alan Alda, *Growing Up Free* is already the definitive work on the education of good little genderless children. To this effect, Mrs. Pogrebin frequently discusses her own children, granting unsuspecting readers the delightful privilege of sharing with her the wit and wisdom of David, Robin, and

**Growing Up Free: Raising Your Child in the 80s.* McGraw Hill, $14.95.*

John Podhoretz is film critic of The American Spectator.

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Abigail Pogrebin. David refuses to go to a camp that advertises a "man-made" lake in its brochure, eight-year old Abigail writes a letter to the Wheaties cereal company (which is reproduced in the book in the child's own charming, non-sexist hand), complaining that a television commercial which shows a boy riding his bicycle and a voice proclaiming "He's ready for Wheaties, he knows he's a man," has no complementary slogan concerning women.

Their mother is no less indignant about the sexist iniquities of American life. She quotes a Rogers and Hammerstein song in which a girl is described as "pink," and tears into it with a comic flair and high irony rivaling Karl Marx: "Girls are not meant to be bright—or vigorous or black, brown, or yellow. Girls are meant to be pink. The 'feminine' ideal in the language of the palette. Petal pink and delicate." Her well-trained husband, Bert, suffers from no sexist bias, for he owns a pink toothbrush.

This 553-page book contains more than a thousand footnotes, cites innumerable studies, reports, and feminist writers, and is as ridiculous on its first page—where Pogrebin explains her use of the pronouns "he," "she," "her," and "his": "The use of the pronoun 'he' to denote 'a person' in the generic sense is one of my basic objections to common language usage"—as on its last—where we are assured that if we raise our children in the Pogrebin way, "you will change a thousand no's to yeses, and open up your children's half-lives to the world."

But tempting as it would be merely to dismiss *Growing Up Free* after having a good laugh over such chapters as "Television Is Sexistvision" and "Dear Old Sexist School Days," there is much that needs to be said. For if we are to take this book as evidence of the current feminist party line, the Women's Movement is still as infantophobic as it was ten years ago. The real purpose of the book is not to liberate children, but rather to imprison them in a sterile ideological universe where the whole of Western Civilization is reduced to "Boys Are Better" and "Girls Are Meant to Be Mothers."

But it is not only children the book seeks to imprison; it is women as well. For (if I may be allowed to philosophize a little) the idea that motherhood places women in a secondary role is a particularly invidious one. If men are bound to go out into the world and enjoy its benefits, then women, by virtue of their very gender and its biological particularities, are given the equally, if not more, satisfying task of feeding, watching over, and protecting those beings to whom they have given birth. Men and women *are* different, in their very bodies are they different, and no sophistic egalitarian explanation can reason away the fact. This is not to say, as Mrs. Pogrebin and all the other feminists do, that this difference connotes inferiority in any way. Women and men have different things to do, that is all. "Separate but equal" may be an unacceptable racial standard, but it is *the* sexual standard, by which the world has always operated. (The truth of this is so damaging to the feminist argument that several feminist anthropologists have been trying to prove that in man's early days women warriors roamed through South America and were that continent's masters.) The feminists of the present day, by arguing away what they know in their very marrow to be true, keep themselves in a perpetual, prepubescent state of "grace," in which the responsibility of bearing children and following the known laws of the world is unthinkable. Such a condition is only natural in children, but in adults it is nothing less than contemptible. □

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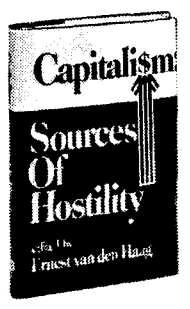

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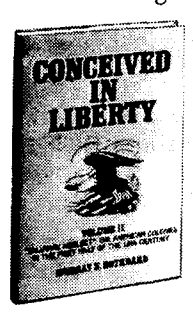

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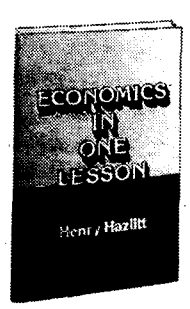

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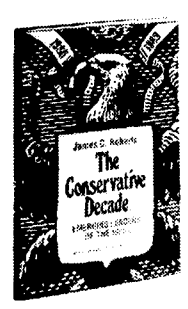

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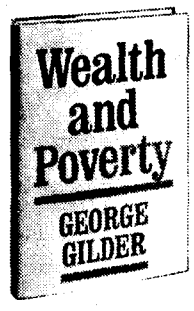

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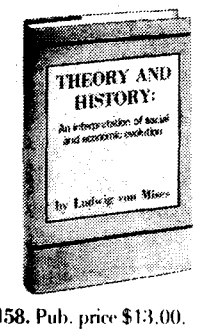

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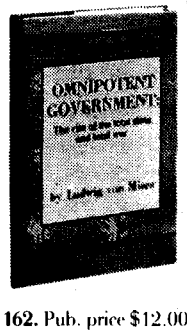

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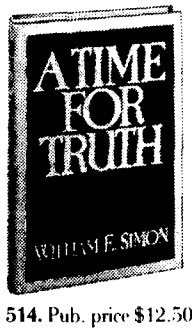

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THE NEW CLASS AND THE BIG BANG

by Joseph Shattan

In 1913, a year before the outbreak of World War I, H.G. Wells wrote a remarkable novel entitled *The World Set Free: A Story of Mankind.* In it, he predicted that artificial radioactivity would be discovered in 1933, that atomic energy would be put to widespread industrial use, that atomic bombs would be developed, and that all of Europe would eventually be devastated in a nuclear war. That war, according to Wells, was to take place in 1956, and would be followed by a conference in Brissago, Italy, where the surviving nations would establish a world government.

Sure enough, in 1933 Frederick and Irene Joliot discovered artificial radioactivity. The first atomic bomb was exploded in 1945, and in the early 1950s England, Canada, the Soviet Union, and the United States all embarked on ambitious programs aimed at generating electric power from controlled nuclear fission. Wells's nuclear holocaust did not come off on schedule—although, in the wake of the 1956 Suez war, the Soviet Union did threaten England, France, and Israel with nuclear retaliation—and the good citizens of Brissago live on in relatively tranquil obscurity; nonetheless, Wells's gift for prophecy has, on the whole, been amply vindicated by history.

A very different kind of prophet, but one whose gift is the equal of Wells's, is Hans Bethe, Nobel laureate and Professor Emeritus of Physics at Cornell University. Like H.G. Wells's prophecies, Bethe's projections deal with energy, especially nuclear energy. In contrast to Wells's forecasts, which were compounded of profound intuition and inspired guesswork, Bethe's views are the product of painstaking analysis by a lifetime of scientific inquiry. An excellent summary of those views is provided in Jeremy Bernstein's profile of Bethe, aptly titled *Hans Bethe: Prophet of Energy.**

*Basic Books, 1980, $12.95.

Joseph Shattan is a Hoover Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

Since the Arab oil embargo of 1973-74, Bethe has been preoccupied with the "energy crisis." The 75-year-old physicist spends his days doing what he has done for most of his life—studying numbers. These numbers deal with such variables as population growth, productivity, GNP, energy consumption rates, and energy reserves. With these figures, it is possible to project our energy needs several decades from now. It is possible, too, to calculate whether there exist sufficient energy reserves to meet those needs. According to Bethe's calculations, even under the most optimistic assumptions—a stable standard of living, stringent conservation measures, and a low GNP growth rate—our energy requirements in the year 2000 will be 40 percent greater than they are now. It also turns out that by the year 2000 we will be unable to supply our energy needs with oil, for the simple reason that there just won't be enough of it left. This, in a nutshell, is what the "energy crisis" is all about: finding other energy sources to replace oil, and finding new energy supplies to meet the growing energy demand.

In many respects, the challenge posed to American society by the "energy crisis" is unprecedented. Previous crises have tested the ability of the United States to meet an immediate, obvious threat: the Depression, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba, and so on. By contrast, the real impact of the energy crisis will not be felt for years. Currently, there is no shortage of oil—in fact, there's quite a lot of it around. (The exorbitant price of oil stems from decisions taken by the OPEC cartel, and *not* from any physical shortages.) Whether the American political system can cope with a crisis whose very existence is evident only in the arcane calculations of Prof. Bethe and others remains to be seen. So far, it has failed.

In the event that the new administration does rise to the challenge, it will have to encourage the increased use of coal and nuclear power, the only energy sources which can meet projected demands and replace oil and gas, both of which are running out (though at different rates). Like virtually all other close students of the energy situation, Prof. Bethe—whose discovery of the specific mechanisms that generate solar energy won him the Nobel Prize in 1967—does not believe that the sun's energy can be utilized to provide a significant portion of our energy needs in the foreseeable future. "I like the sun," Bethe told Bernstein, "after all, I found out how the sun works. But after looking at the available evidence I do not believe that the sun will solve our problems—certainly not in the twentieth century. Maybe in the twenty-first. That I just don't know."

But while Bethe is not sanguine about the prospects for solar energy, he is certainly not hostile to it. "Whenever it is economically feasible," he says, "solar energy is a very good thing to use." What troubles Bethe about solar energy is that "people use it as an excuse, a reason for not developing other sources of energy—primarily nuclear and coal—which we know how to use, and which, in combination, could satisfy our energy needs." Unfortunately, neither Bethe nor Bernstein speculates about why anyone should want to impede the development of energy sources capable of averting an otherwise inevitable energy famine.

Interestingly enough, though, Soviet scientists have engaged in quite a bit of public speculation about the motives of the anti-nuclear movement in the United States, and they have concluded that this movement is part of a plot concocted by the oil companies to discredit nuclear power! As Academician V. Yemel'yanov, corresponding member of the prestigious Soviet Academy of Sciences, argued in a recent issue of the Russian journal *Mezhdunarodnaya Zhizn'* [*International Life*], the anti-nuclear campaign is directed by the monopolistic groups involved with the use of organic fuel, and above all the oil companies. Having gained control over organic fuel, and above all of oil, these monopolies are earning fabulous profits. Precisely these circles are interested in causing mistrust of the new powerful competitor in the energy area, and impeding the energy use of nuclear processes, or at least limiting its scale.

Yemel'yanov's analysis of the anti-nuclear movement is an excellent illustration of what has frequently been called, "Vulgar Marxism," the tendency to attribute practically everything to the sinister manipulations of all-powerful corporations. Starting from a perfectly reasonable premise—that oil companies are probably less than grief-stricken over the rise of widespread opposition to the use of nuclear power—Vulgar Marxists derive the most bizarre conclusions, e.g., the notion that Jane Fonda, Barry Commoner, Ralph Nader, et al. are agents of Standard Oil. There is, however, good reason to distinguish between Marxism and Vulgar Marxism. While the latter is clearly a form of dottiness, the former, if employed with a little subtlety, can occasionally provide useful insights into the workings of society. Indeed, when it comes to accounting for the anti-nuclear movement, Marxism offers quite an interesting perspective.

From a Marxist viewpoint, politics deals essentially with the interactions among opposing social classes, in much the same sense that chemistry, for example, deals with the interactions between adjacent electron-shells. A Marxist analysis of the anti-nuclear movement must therefore begin by specifying its class content. Is there any class whose interests the anti-nuclear movement may be said to advance? The answer, clearly, is that its aims are congruent with the interests of the "New Class," a group which consists, in Irving Kristol's vivid definition, "of a goodly proportion of those college-educated people whose skills and vocations proliferate in a 'post-industrial society' . . . and who make their careers in the expanding public sector, the

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staffs of the larger foundations, the upper levels of the government bureaucracy, and so on.'' This class, Kristol goes on to say, is not so much interested in money as it is in power—the kind of power which, in a capitalist society, ordinarily resides in the free market: ''The 'New Class' wants to see much of this power redistributed to government,'' where *it* will then have a major say in how this power is exercised.

But how can the New Class achieve its aims? To any competent Marxist, the answer, once again, is exceedingly obvious: through supporting those movements whose proclaimed goals would facilitate the emergence of an administratively dominated society. As it happens, the anti-nuclear movement meets the requirements of the New Class to a tee. The movement's program, if implemented, would result in an energy-deficient society, one in which everything from speed limits to room temperature to home design—and ultimately, to life-style itself—would have to be regulated by the government. Needless to say, the New Class would do the regulating.

In addition to aligning itself with movements that further its interests, Marx argued, a class on the make will also elaborate an ideology which, although cast in universal terms, actually serves to legitimize its bid for power. Thus, in the eighteenth century the French middle class carried out its revolution in the name of the ''Rights of Man,'' by which it really meant the rights of the French middle class. Not surprisingly, the New Class is also terribly preoccupied with rights: the right, for instance, of clams to live in a ''thermal-pollution-free'' environment, of snail darters to go right on darting, and of the furbish lousewort to continue doing whatever it is a furbish lousewort does. The ideology by which it justifies these concerns is called ''Limits to Growth,'' and its ideologues—writers like Richard Barnet, Jeremy Rifkin, and Paul Ehrlich—argue tirelessly that our society must adjust itself to what Barnet calls the ''politics of scarcity'' if it is to avoid ecological ruin. The immediate corollary of that argument—that the politics of scarcity must inevitably empower the New Class—is a point these writers invariably fail to develop.†

†The most succinct and effective rejoinder to the ''Limits to Growth'' argument was penned in 1830 by the great British historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay. In an essay for the *Edinburgh Review* Macaulay wrote: ''We cannot absolutely prove that those are in error who tell us that society has reached a turning-point, that we have seen our best days. But so said all before us, and with just as much apparent reason. . . . On what principle is it that, when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?''

If and when the New Class is finally empowered, it is not inconceivable that its hostility to nuclear power will disappear. Even now, it is possible to detect two distinct trains of thought within the anti-nuclear movement. On the one hand, there is the Revealed Doctrine, preached by and to the movement's faithful, which proclaims nukes to be wicked and the sun to be good. On the other hand, there is the Esoteric Wisdom, known only to the higher cadres, which admits that nuclear power might not be so dangerous after all, were it to be administered by the benevolent members of the New Class instead of by profit-hungry capitalists. In politics, however, timing is everything. Until the New Class achieves its political objectives, the Esoteric Wisdom must remain confined to a handful of hierophants, lest the rank-and-file grow confused. Once the battle is

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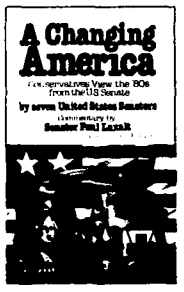

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safely won, Esoteric Wisdom might well become Revealed Doctrine.

The victory of the New Class, if and when it comes, would not have surprised H.G. Wells. In fact, he predicted it! What is nowadays widely referred to as the New Class, Wells at the turn of the century called the "New Republicans." Wells believed that this educated elite was destined to come to power, and he foresaw that it would ultimately "take the world in hand" and create "a sane order." But prior to this happy denouement, society would first have to undergo a catastrophe of sufficient magnitude to induce its members to entrust their collective destiny to the wise and beneficent New Republicans. Just what this catastrophe would be remained an open question for Wells, but certainly a massive energy shortage would do as nicely as anything else. Prof. Bethe's figures —and those of the National Academy of Sciences, Resources for the Future, and other learned societies—suggest that unless new energy sources are brought "on stream" relatively soon, such a shortage is inevitable. History thus appears to be following the Wellsian blueprint rather closely, and the time remaining for critics of the New Class/New Republicans to change its course is rapidly running out. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

GENTLEMANLY SPOOKS

by Arnold Beichman

There is only one absolutely safe prediction to be made about President Reagan. Should the Soviet Union invade another Afghanistan, he will not, as did his predecessor on a 1979 New Year's Eve Broadcast, utter one of the most fatuous statements ever by an American president, to half-wit:

> This action of the Soviets [their aggression against Afghanistan] has made a more dramatic change in my own opinion of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done in the previous time I've been in office.

On the contrary, we now have a president who knows full well what détente means to the Soviet Union. He knows what Leonid Brezhnev, at the 1976 Party Congress, said about the Soviets' "ultimate goals":

> Détente does not in the slightest abolish, nor can it abolish or change, the laws of the class struggle. . . . We do not conceal the fact that we see détente as a way of creating more favorable conditions for the peaceful building of Socialism and Communism.

A major beneficiary of President Reagan's politico-ideological awareness will be the U.S. intelligence system. Nothing concentrates the mind of an intelligence executive as much as the knowledge that he is working for a president who fully understands that the 1980s will see the zenith of Soviet military power.

The Carter administration's blindness to the implacable hostility of the Soviet Union helped to attenuate CIA functions and, in particular, FBI counterintelligence, as did Carter's perception that America's primary enemies are Latin American military juntas. Couple this presidential blindness and moral obtuseness with an effective ten-year campaign in and out of Congress against the very idea of American intelligence—by which I mean covert action, counter-intelligence, clandestine collection, analysis, and estimates—and one can say without exaggeration that American intelligence is in crisis.

I do not exonerate the CIA and FBI from blame for the follies and excesses which were uncovered in this campaign. Nor do I believe that these follies and excesses could have occurred without resolute "blind eye" encouragement by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Under President Ford, intelligence activities began to falter, however, when the spotlight began to shine brightly on the agencies. And under Carter, even routine intelligence activities were discouraged.

The Reagan administration is certainly prepared to undertake changes in the CIA and ancillary intelligence agencies. The real question, however, is not President Reagan's desires, but whether the ailing intelligence system, some three decades old, can be returned to life and again become an effective instrument in furthering American security and foreign policy objectives. Or is the CIA at present really as immovable and uncontrollable as some people think?

Indeed there are many who believe that the CIA may have become irretrievably unreliable because of years and years of merciless media and congressional exposure: because of the debilitation of its counterintelligence capability; because of its politicization and the finger-pointing game in which past and present CIA executives suggest that everybody—Colby, Angleton, Kissinger, and heaven knows who else—is a mole.

To put it bluntly in intelligence parlance, the CIA may have been "turned around"; that is, the CIA may unwittingly be working for the Soviet KGB. There is no point in calling for a congressional investigation because the problem might well be the Congress itself, where under the recently repealed 1974 Hughes-Ryan amendment, eight congressional committees and their staffs—some 200 people outside the CIA—were allowed access to CIA secrets. Let me supply a documented example of how Congress might be part of the problem:

On April 6, 1980, the *New York Times Magazine* ran a long article by Tad Szulc entitled, "Putting Back the Bite in the C.I.A." The article led off with a report of what had transpired on Saturday, January 9, 1980, in Senate Room S-407 ("the most 'secure' room in all of Congress"). On that Saturday, three Senators—Bayh, Goldwater, and Biden of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence—and two committee staff members met with two CIA executives who briefed them about covert, paramilitary operations in Afghanistan. Szulc described how the CIA would provide the Afghan anti-Soviet rebels with assault rifles, antitank weapons, and SAM-7 surface-to-air missiles and launchers.

Now what the hell kind of security is that? Who told whom? The White House? The CIA? Congress? How can any secret be kept when something as significant as the CIA Afghanistan operation becomes known so quickly? I have singled out Congress as the "leak," if only because, as Cord Meyer has pointed out in his highly informed syndicated column, congressional intelligence committee staffs need not take the lie detector tests periodically required of CIA and National Security Agency employees. Says Meyer of these tests: "They are unpleasant but formidably effective in spotting KGB plants."

Or take the recent arrest and conviction of CIA veteran David H. Barnett after he tried to get a staff job on the Senate and House intelligence committees. According to committee staffers, reports Meyer, it was sheer chance that no job openings were available when Barnett applied in 1977. Otherwise, in view of his fine record and the recommendations he brought with him, this KGB plant would have penetrated the inner sanctum of two crucial congressional committees.

Security lapses, leaks, and other *faux pas* are simply the manifestations of an unsettled and unending debate over the future of the CIA and U.S. intelligence. It's really a debate as to whether a democracy like ours which lives by selective application of the Bill of Rights can justify a secret intelligence agency, and whether it can organize an agency which can be trusted. Cord Meyer has had a singular opportunity to meditate on the nuances of the debate: He served in the CIA for 26 years from 1951

Arnold Beichman is a founding member of the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence.

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ntil his amicable departure in 1977, eld the top job in the CIA's Covert ction section, and was slandered as Communist Party member and even uspended from his job without pay t the height of the McCarthy era. he result is a contribution to the lebate in the calm, reasoned voice of is recent memoir.*

One of the major reasons for the veakness of public understanding of J.S. intelligence is the lack of a heory, a philosophy, a clear statement of purpose to justify the time, money, effort, manpower, and unpleasant strategies required to make the thing function at all. The reason for an intelligence agency is not that because *they* do it, we should also do it, nor is it simply that we want to catch the Alger Hisses in our midst.

In 1979, Henry Kissinger came close to enunciating a theory of intelligence when he spoke about the need for U.S. covert capabilities which at the time were practically non-existent: ". . . there is a huge grey area between military intervention and normal diplomatic processes." Or in the words of Hugh Trevor-Roper: "Secret intelligence is the continuation of open intelligence by other means." It is far safer to understand a potential or sworn enemy and what he is up to than to live in ignorance and be driven into a crisis where it is war or surrender. And far better for both sides to engage in "dirty tricks" among the professional few than for massed armies to start tossing nuclear missiles against each other. (It is interesting to note that although the USSR has always propagandized about disarmament and SALT treaties, it has never suggested any limitation treaties on intelligence.)

Another cause of the CIA's troubles has been its old-school-tie syndrome. On May 20, 1967, there appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* an article by Thomas W. Braden entitled, "I'm Glad the CIA Is Is Immoral." (Braden was Meyer's predecessor in the CIA as chief of the International Organizations Division, where he served until 1954 when he resigned to become a California newspaper publisher.) Braden's article with its curious title gave names, dates, and places of people, organizations, and publications which, he said, had been subventioned by the CIA. Braden's article followed in the wake of a March 1967 *Ramparts* "exposé" of CIA funding of the National Student Association.

I have it on good authority that several of Braden's associates pleaded with him not to publish the piece, photocopies of which had circulated in Washington and New York well before publication. Allen W. Dulles, the ex-director of CIA, said he would never again speak to Braden. The article created a furor because it named names in the same way that Philip Agee names names—except that Braden's motives, we might suppose, were different. Curiously, Braden never suffered for his indiscretion nor presumably for a violation of some agreement not to talk out of turn.† (Meyer, by the way, says he submitted his manuscript for CIA vetting.)

It is startling to note that Meyer makes no reference to Braden's article. It is even more startling because Meyer is sharply critical of William Colby, Merle Miller, Miles Copeland, *Ramparts* magazine, John Ehrlichman, Agee, and Admiral Turner. He refers obliquely to leaks

†A few years later, Braden ignored his cheers for the CIA's "immorality" and in his newspaper column wrote that the CIA was a "monster. . . . [S]hut it down." Quoted by William Colby, *Honorable Men*, p. 443.

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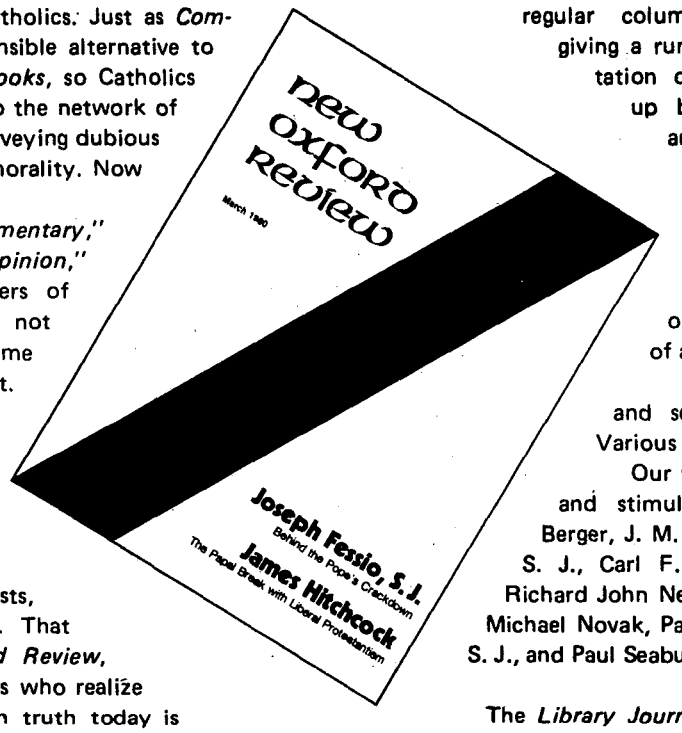

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about CIA activities, which is all well and good. But these criticisms of others merely underscore his failure to mention one of the biggest leaks, *which came from an agency executive* who said he was proud of its "immoral" projects. Whether the title of Braden's article was intended as deep irony or as camouflage to justify an exposé of labor officials and anti-Communist intellectuals and organizations, I cannot say, but the damage it did to the CIA is undeniable.

Yet not only was Braden, so far as I know, never publicly criticized but the article seems to have had little effect on his relationships with CIA executives. In fact Richard Helms, former CIA director and then ambassador to Iran, was reported in both the *Washington Post* and *New York* magazine as guest of honor at a homecoming dinner hosted by Braden and his wife.

It is this kind of behavior which has always mystified CIA buffs like myself. Why should Meyer, who has no hesitancy in criticizing others in the CIA for their weaknesses, omit even a reference to Braden's article? Surely he cannot believe in E.M. Forster's casuistical distinction between betraying one's friends and one's country.

Having said all this, I would still stress that *Facing Reality* is a valuable contribution to the CIA debate. Cord Meyer's analysis of Soviet strategy in the 1980s and his inside knowledge about the Soviet KGB are outstanding. All I wish is that he'd get rid of that old school tie. □

BARMAIDS

by Joe Mysak

"Bad enough the profession is loaded with mere tads and rank amateurs—now we have to put up with *girls*!" A comment by a sports purist? Perhaps the plaint of a crusty newspaperman? Or possibly the barrack-room remark of an Old Soldier? They are all good guesses, and they are all wrong, because the author was a drinker on his way home from a night's serious work.

A workingman on his way home from his night out with the boys, he was referring not to the scantily clad lasses serving them up in Playboy Clubs, airport lounges, singles bars, sex dives, discothèques, Studios, and related alcohol pits where imbibing is secondary to ogling, but to the alarming increase in the number of barmaids in the country's remaining saloons, pubs, and ginmills.

There are no surprises in an age which finds nothing sacred but the profane. But it is stretching the limits of toleration to have sweet young things working the taps for brakemen and boilermakers and sundry other toilers. It is jarring to the senses, it is unnatural, it is even absurd. It is as if you were confronted by the sight of a male manicurist.

Do not misunderstand. It is, if the one behind the stick is pleasing to the eye, nice, very nice indeed. But it is not the way of the saloon.

The American philosopher and fable-maker George Ade describes the ideal bartender in *The Old-Time Saloon* (1931), a memorial volume published during Prohibition: "His attitude toward the problem of life was benign rather than cruel. He was a just arbiter when disputes arose. . . . a patient listener to long and rambling narratives . . . a fair-minded referee . . . always a peacemaker."

Keep this in mind, and add the qualities which only the experience of many seasons gives: timing and proficiency in the arts of mixology. The bartender is a man of years, with pride in his work. He is not moonlighting—this is his career. He knows the regulars, what they drink, and what they tip. He knows when it is his turn to buy.

Now compare this inestimable individual to the typical barmaid. Perhaps typical is not the word. I am not referring to those superannuated bunnies, heavy users of peroxide and rouge, now familiar in many corner bars, nor to the unwholesome or simply obscene. I am talking about winsome, apple-cheeked cuties closer to cheerleading than motherhood, and escapees from status jeans commercials, in their early twenties.

This is a very agreeable sight. But looks are deceiving. The bonnie barmaid is doing this only "for extra money." Or "just for a few months." Or "for summer vacation." Ask for anything more complicated than a beer or perhaps a Scotch and soda and you are asking for trouble. Only one in ten knows how to make a proper Bloody Mary, while none knows how to make a Fog-Cutter. Needless to say, she is never very far from the 106-page *Bartender's Companion*. Nor is she very far off the precise measurement legally required for a cocktail.

The young, toothsome barmaid has no use for long, rambling narratives. As for breaking up arguments and disposing of louts and bone-bruisers, she is obviously deficient, and has no recourse but to call for the constabulary, the owner, or a disinterested patron. She knows nothing of timing: Either the drinker goes for long stretches dry, or he is drowned. The last swallow of beer is swept away and the glass refilled.

Such sloppiness can be chalked up to inexperience and lack of a real feeling for drinking. But the tender barmaid brings with her a certain amount of built-in, as it were, problems. To wit: She is a distraction, and is bound to bring out the worst in otherwise inoffensive tipplers. An episode: A chap who looks for all the world like a high school teacher, but in his cups, yells out, "Hey, where's my brother's birthday kiss?" Not once, but three times. Finally the harried miss behind the bar declares, sternly, "I don't kiss married men." Witnessing such a little incident is nobody's idea of unwinding over a few drinks. It would not have occurred had the one dispensing the potables been a fatherly figure by the name of Mike, I can assure you.

Who is to blame for the invasion of the saloon by giggling girlhood? The hordes of flaming harpy feminists? The customers? The owners? The last is the most likely: The professional bartender is a dying breed. At the very least, he commands a wage large enough to raise a family, if not one commensurate with his skill and rarity. It is cheaper to hire little girls and boys just out of their rompers. For one thing, they are more comely. For another, the general assumption is that a sweet young thing attracts crowds. But every saloonkeeper must know that this is wrongheaded at best, and pernicious at worst, and that there is no substitute for professionalism.

In sum, bad enough the profession is being mauled by those who ostensibly know and appreciate their high calling—now we have to put up with a botched job by the young and the foolish who never really knew what it was all about. Having survived its enemies, the old-time saloon might not survive its friends. □

Joe Mysak admires barmaids of the Garden State.

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PARADIGMS LOST: REFLECTIONS ON LITERACY AND ITS DECLINE

John Simon / Potter / $12.95

John R. Dunlap

In an essay on a touchy subject, John Updike once remarked that the "topic of the written word feels intrinsically contentious; to think about it makes us itchy, somehow irritated, as by cinder flecks in our eyes, or an uneven buzzing in our ears. Any discourse upon it is expected to strike an embattled note." And small wonder too. Written expression is a form of personal identity—so people are inclined to resent being told their expression is inept. I have heard writing teachers tell stories of being physically threatened for proffering the very advice asked for by their students. Like it or not, the teacher of rhetoric inhabits a battle zone wherein lurks a chronic grumpiness that nibbles at whatever crumbs of idealism remain after years of encountering subliteracy in newspapers, in periodicals, in professional journals, in fashionable novels, in the schools . . .

Two points, often obscured in the dust kicked up by the endless literacy controversy, are certain: To write is always hard, and to write well is often excruciating. It is said that poor writing reflects bad thinking or stupidity, but this relation seldom holds. Poor writing more often reflects what pathologists call a low pain threshold. As a writing teacher, I have had many students with brilliant ideas who needed weeks before they could pen their first coherent sentence—and who will probably never in a lifetime write a single elegant one.

Nor does inept expression necessarily indicate ignorance. In fact, Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary* magazine and one of the great prose stylists of our time, has discovered an awkward relation operative in the world of discourse, whereby depth of scholarship tends to be inversely proportionate to elegance of expression: "those who know can't write, and those who can write don't know."

But in *Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline,* John Simon attacks those who don't know, can't write, and don't care—yet who set themselves up as arbiters of public discourse. They include, by Mr. Simon's provocative assessment, professional critics such as Rex Reed (Reed is one of the "masters of the maladroit metaphor"); respected academics such as Robert Scholes (his course descriptions exhibit "tautologizing, highfalutin jargon, obnubilation, and deadwood"); media vulgarians such as Barbara Walters (her self-help book evinces an "illiteracy of the soul," and her stock in trade is a "lascivious prodding" whereby she "asks all those impeccably average questions that are burning in the inarticulate but inquisitive depths of every average to subaverage soul, aching to find a voice, however flat and lusterless"); popular novelists such as Erica Jong (Jong's novels demonstrate "a nexus between bad writing and a failure of the ethical-aesthetic sensibility").

The arbiters also include, somewhat to my embarrassment, an influential organization called the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE): "a body so shot through with irresponsible radicalism, guilt-ridden liberalism, and asinine trendiness as to be, in my opinion, one of the major culprits—right up there with television—in the sabotaging of linguistic standards." The invective, I'm afraid, is at least partly deserved. In the course of *Paradigms Lost,* Mr. Simon directs his barbs more than once against the NCTE, principally because of a declaration published under the auspices of that organization in 1974, ineptly written and awkwardly titled "Students' Right to Their Own Language."

The NCTE declaration opts gaseously for something like total freedom of written expression in the classroom—arguing, for example, that the dialectal utterance "Mary daddy home" is perfectly acceptable for writing and communicates a precise meaning. (It isn't and it doesn't, and Mr. Simon shows why in one of the many clever rhetorical analyses sprinkled through his book.) Much of the rationale behind the NCTE's declaration (and much needless controversy over the problem of literacy) rests on a fundamental misunderstanding about the written language. To illustrate, and to gird Mr. Simon's accurate instincts with a bit of theoretical support, let me start with a close analogy: English spelling and "spelling reform"—a crackpot cause that once attracted such respectable champions as Bernard Shaw.

The spelling reformers, noting that English spelling was arbitrarily frozen a few hundred years ago with the advent of the dictionary, advocated a "phonetic" system that would, for example, eliminate the once fricative, now silent *gh* in words like *night* and *neighbor.* Loosely anchored to a few such examples, the idea seemed very sensible in the abstract, so long as one ignored the concrete reality: that the English language is spoken by hundreds of millions of people in dozens of phonologically distinct dialects. Imagine a Texan trying to read a novel written "phonetically" by a Scotsman—or a Nigerian graduate student trying to untangle a monograph written by an Australian physicist, with every word spelled according to how the Australian hears it.

In contrast to the Babel of "phonetic" spelling, a universally shared convention of English spelling, however arbitrary, breaks down all barriers of dialect and insures the possibility of communication among all lettered English speakers, from Houston to Edinburgh to Kano to Bombay to Melbourne to Hong Kong. Like many other conventions, English spelling works as a thread to help secure the fabric of human community.

And so it is in general with the written word. Always eager to enlist new bits of jargon to refine their field of study, linguists have coined the term *grapholect* to refer to the standard *written* language, as against the *spoken* language and its multiple *dialects.* Professor E.D. Hirsch, Jr. explains the term in his *Philosophy of*

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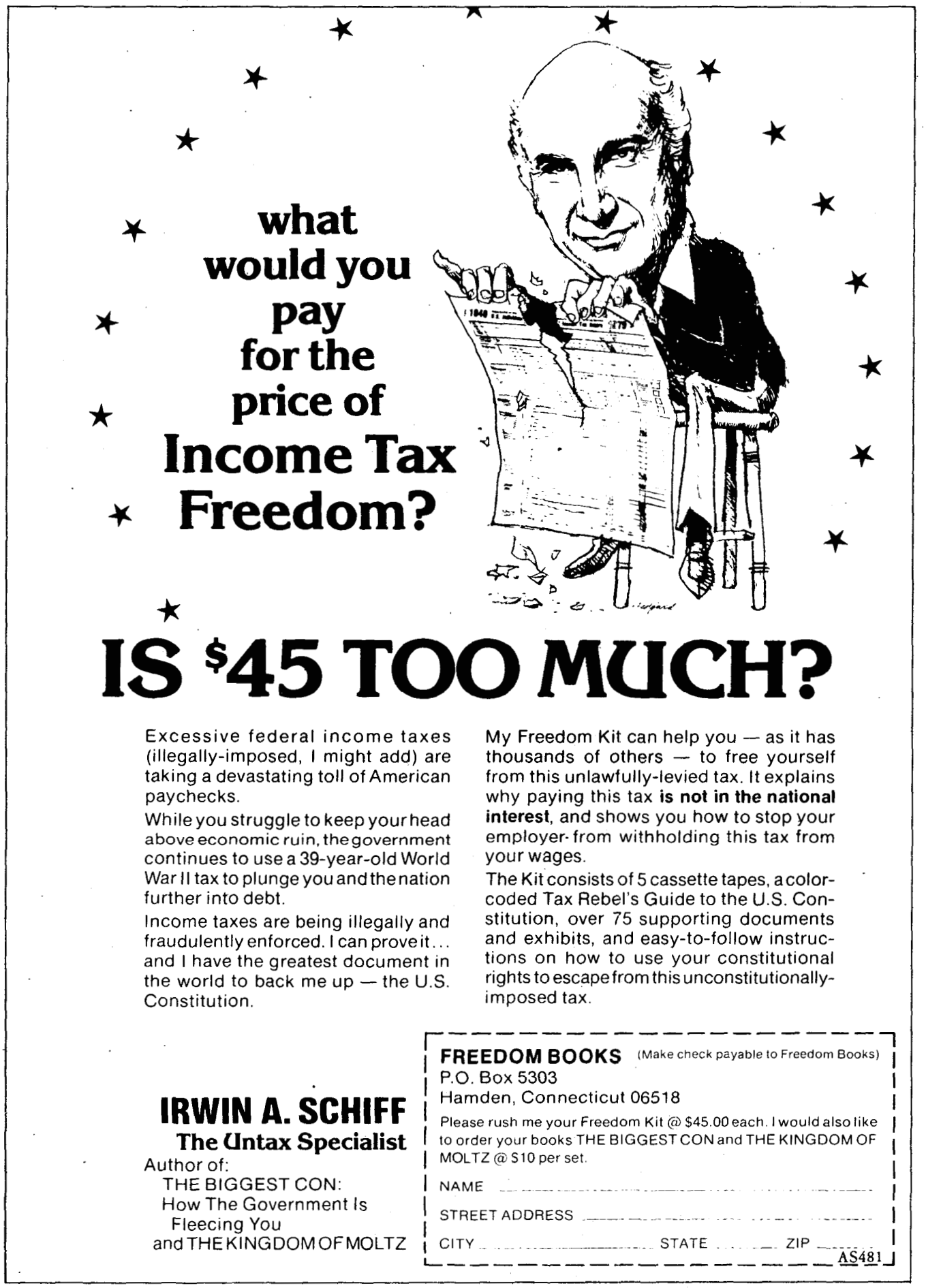
Composition (the italics are Hirsch's):

> A grapholect is a normative language in ways that cannot be attributed to any dialect. As a transdialectal construct, its *grammatical* conventions represent norms that are not only more certainly fixed than those of a dialect but are also more widely promulgated than the grammatical norms of any dialect. Its *phonological* norms are also, relative to any dialect, more certainly fixed and widely promulgated. A grapholect is the only repository of a large number of *lexical resources,* whose extensiveness is always far greater than those of any dialect. Finally, a grapholect serves as a norm by virtue of its actual or potential *stability through time*. . . . The term "bidialectism" is a nondescriptive, hence illegitimate, term when one of the two "dialects" is a grapholect.

In comparison with the stable convention of the grapholect, the spoken language is chaotic. Even highly educated and literate English speakers will characteristically (that is, *humanly*) articulate a muddled syntax, with false starts, run-on utterances, uhs and ums, shifted structures, grunted fragments—a hodgepodge of borderline incoherence depending greatly on gesture and intonation to achieve clarity. The spoken word is a fascinating and legitimate field of study inhabited by scholars who use ingenious methods of inquiry and who carry imposing titles like *sociolinguist* and *structural grammarian*. But the spoken word is a field distinct from that of rhetoric, which adverts to the grapholect—the written word: the common language that binds all literate English speakers, whatever their dialects, in a community of shared discourse.

It is therefore astounding that the NCTE—avowedly basing its rhetorical consensus on the most current linguistic research—could have drawn up so preposterous a document as the "Students' Right to Their Own Language." The term *grapholect* had been coined half a decade before the emergence of the NCTE's 1974 declaration, yet the term occurs nowhere in the "linguistically based" 18-page statement, and "standard English" (or, as the drafters of the declaration call it, "Edited American English") is referred to repeatedly and erroneously as a "written dialect"—a contradiction in terms.

But if the frequent misuse of the key word *dialect* reflects only ignorance, the document's recurrent use of jargon such as *class, self-esteem, social stasis, sensitize, cultural context,* and the like reflects a bit of trendy ideological posturing. For the true intent of the declaration, as Mr. Simon implies, was not to facilitate free expression but to indulge a sentimental and misconceived humanism. With just enough legitimate social and ethical points (e.g., the undeniable psychological harm which can result from a belligerent and tactless instruction of literacy) to merit a second or third careful reading, the document finally collapses under the deadweight of misinformation ("Dialects are all equally serviceable in logic and metaphor"); self-contradiction (the preceding quote is followed six pages later by: "Edited American English [a "dialect," remember] allows much less variety than the spoken forms"); and recurrent outcrops of the most rudimentary illogic, including circular reasoning, non-sequitur, and that favorite of the ideological poseur, hypostatization ("humanity tells us that . . ."). Stripped of pretension, an honest precis of the NCTE's declaration might run as follows: "We have no right to behave imperialistically among the diverse cultures and classes of America; therefore, our students have every right to pen their thoughts in any damn way they please, so long as they seem perhaps to be making their points, maybe." Respondong to such imbecility, Mr. Simon quotes Juvenal: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (Who will guard the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guards themselves?) Indeed, if one is to take the NCTE's declaration at its word, what need is there of any guards at all? Why didn't the NCTE simply dissolve itself after publishing its silly manifesto?

Certainly if the NCTE disappeared tomorrow, it would not be missed by those who are serious about honing their written expression. A commonplace among professional editors and most teachers of rhetoric is that the best writing about the craft of writing comes from non-academics (Herbert Spencer, H.W. Fowler, George Orwell, Wilson Follett, Robert Graves, E.B. White, etc.) or from academics outside the field of English (principally in history and the hard sciences: e.g., Jacques Barzun and Lewis Thomas). John Simon, a non-academic, belongs to an endangered species: the cultured man of letters. He is currently a drama and film critic for *The Hudson Review, New York* magazine, and *National Review.*

Yugoslav by birth and American by choice, Mr. Simon acquired English deliberately (I use the word in its full sense) as a teenager—English being his fifth language after the four he had acquired by age 13: French, Hungarian, German, and his native Serbo-Croatian. In *Paradigms Lost,* Mr. Simon exhibits the work of an amateur in the best and literal sense of the word: He confesses a love affair with his carefully acquired English, and his wit is unleashed mercilessly upon those who would debase the language. His standards—although hardly "impossible," as some of his victims have charged—are nonetheless tough. Long before he began *Paradigms Lost,* he had started grumbling publicly about the debasement of Western culture. "Art," he once wrote,

> is not in the melting of high and low, not in the kicking over of the priorities of searching penetrancy and uncompromising effort to express the ineffable; though it keeps its doors open to all who care to enter, it is not a democratic fun house but a place of comic or tragic insight available fully only to an enlightened perception, a spiritual aristocracy.

Such a remark today is likely to provoke charges of "elitism," but only from those who would ignore the keynote phrase in the remark: "Open to all who care to enter." In fact, Mr. Simon finds his most enthusiastic audience among readers of the popular press: The essays that make up the collection *Paradigms Lost* first appeared over a period of three years (1977-79) in *Esquire* and *More* magazines—hardly what you would call stuffy outlets.

Far from being "elitist," the effort to fashion and preserve good English fascinates just about every English speaker and is profoundly democratic. To be sure, it's an effort that assumes the existence of standards, that disavows intellectual leveling, that sustains a hierarchy of preferences; it is also an effort that derives its judgments from consensus, that maintains a common language amid divergent tongues, that stays open to anyone who cares to take on the challenge. Failure may be endemic to the pursuit of elegant and precise expression, but to abandon the chase is to surrender the health of a culture.

In *Paradigms Lost,* John Simon extends an invitation to join him in a running, perhaps losing battle against the current debasement of English and the attendant cultural sickness of an egocentric era. His expression is often impish, always lively, occasionally self-ironic, intermittently racy, at times cajoling, usually humorous—but his invitation to arms and the battle itself are serious. We're all cordially invited. □

Stanley G. Payne is chairman of the Department of History at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION: THE LEFT AND THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER DURING THE CIVIL WAR

Burnett Bolloten / The University of North Carolina Press
$29.00, $14.00 (paper)

Stanley G. Payne

The Spanish Revolution is still the forgotten revolution of the twentieth century. It was overshadowed by the Civil War that accompanied it and above all by the mythology generated by the war, a mythology that has gripped the Western intelligentsia, though with waning intensity, ever since. The dominant image of the Spanish Civil War as a struggle between "fascism and democracy" for long precluded a clear understanding of the real nature of the Spanish contest itself. There was no democracy and only a certain amount of fascism in what was in fact a revolutionary/counterrevolutionary war, the only clear-cut conflict of this kind during the twentieth-century west of Hungary or Greece.

The scholarly demythologization of the Spanish war probably began in 1961, when Hugh Thomas published the first edition of his general history, I brought out a history of Spanish fascism, and Burnett Bolloten produced his earlier study, *The Grand Camouflage.* Although Thomas and I were generally praised for our efforts, Bolloten encountered a great deal of abuse. The title of his first book referred to the effort by the Spanish Communist party (and by implication, leftist publicists), whose aim was nothing less than an extremely violent collectivist revolution, and the establishment of a Communist-dominated "People's Republic," to hide its true purposes under the facade of Republican democracy. It was denounced by old and new Left alike as a crypto-fascist or pro-Franquist attempt to besmirch the glories of the Popular Front, a sort of historiographic McCarthyism. The fact that it was proportionately the most thoroughly documented of the three studies meant little to Bolloten's critics, who damned him on both personal and political grounds, even though they were very hard put to argue with his direct evidence.

Burnett Bolloten has probably devoted more of his life to the study of the Spanish war than any other living

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scholar outside Spain. He originally worked as a United Press correspondent in Spain during the war, and subsequently invested years forming a massive documentary collection of materials from Republican refugees in France and in Mexico (where he lived for more than a decade), as well as from Spain itself. Later organized as the Bolloten Collection of the Hoover Institution in California, these materials have earned the gratitude of an entire generation of scholars.

His new book is a massive expansion and reworking of the original volume that now stands as the definitive account of the politics of the revolutionary Left in Spain during the first crucial year of the Civil War. During the first ten months (July 1936 to May 1937) most of the main political events of the Republican zone took place: the outburst of the Anarchist/Socialist revolution, the formation of a Popular Front revolutionary government, the dramatic growth of Spanish Communism, the political defeat of the Anarchists and their allies, and the organization of the first new-style "People's Republic" government under Communist hegemony.

All this is narrated and analyzed by Bolloten in full detail and on the basis of a thorough and meticulous use of primary sources absolutely unequaled in any other account. Although the new study has encountered some of the same politicized and ad hominem abuse met by its predecessor, Bolloten is not at all a political writer but a scholar and historian who offers a more objective and dispassionate account of this dramatic contest than most university professors would be capable of.

The Spanish Revolution is unique in this century both because it is the only one to have taken place in a West European country, and because it was a pluralistic collectivist revolution not originally dominated by a one-party Communist regime. The revolution itself was carried by three forces: the anarchosyndicalist CNT above all, the Spanish Socialists, and to a lesser degree the small semi-Trotskyist POUM in Catalonia. The middle-class radicals of left Republicanism played a largely Kerenskyist role except in the Basque country, where Basque nationalists proved more independent and (in those days) more fastidious.

Spanish Anarchism has frequently seemed a romantic cause to Western liberals. Anarchists were free of Marxist dogma, repudiated centralization, and appeared spontaneous and individualistic in behavior. They often saw the dangers of Popular Front alliance more clearly than many middle-class liberals. More than other leftist revolutionaries they behaved like free men.

Yet Anarchism was a Jekyll-and-Hyde phenomenon. The other side of Spanish Anarchist behavior, frequently overlooked by admirers, was a penchant for large-scale political violence and direct action of the most arbitrary sort. Spontaneous collectivism was not necessarily spontaneous at all, but involved the imposition of local dictatorship in every plant and district where a majority did not happen to favor Anarchism. As Horacio Prieto, one of their national leaders, wrote afterward, "We went straight to a dictatorship; even the Bolsheviks themselves, in their first historical opportunity, were not so quick to establish absolute power in Russia," a conclusion that was, *sensu strictu,* correct.

Before and during the Spanish Revolution, Spanish Socialists tended to divide in three. The largest group supported immediate revolution, but a social democratic minority strove to moderate the revolution and return to Republican legality. The smallest

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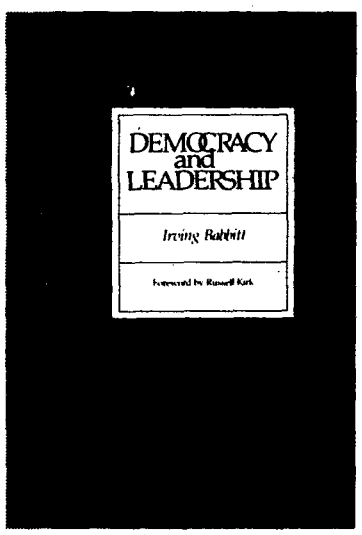

Democracy and Leadership

By Irving Babbitt

A penetrating work of political and moral philosophy, first published in 1924, *Democracy and Leadership* is packed with wisdom. Irving Babbitt was a distinguished professor of French literature at Harvard and a leader of the intellectual movement called American Humanism. This was his only directly political book, and in it Babbitt applies the principles of humanism to the civil social order. He summarizes the principal political philosophies; contrasts Rousseau with Burke; describes true and false liberals; distinguishes between ethical individualism and destructive egoism; and stands up for work and duty. *Democracy and Leadership* joins the broken links between politics and morals—and that accomplishment marks it as a work of genius. With a foreword by Russell Kirk.
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ninority joined forces with the Communists.

Communist policy and power in Spain have often been misinterpreted, in part because it was assumed that Communist policy must have been uniform and unidimensional, the same inside and outside Spain. In fact, then as in other periods and countries, it was politically heterogeneous. Internationally, the Popular Front regime was represented as a middle-class parliamentary democracy; within the leftist zone in Spain itself its declared goal was to make collectivist revolution more disciplined and responsible; in Catalonia, the most revolutionary region of all, Catalan Communists had sometimes to compete with Anarchists in revolutionary appeals and fervor. While Republican constitutionalism was championed abroad, the Popular Front government of the Republican zone was defined by March 1937 as a "People's Republic of a new type," from which all rightist influences had been eliminated.

Apologists have often claimed that whatever the Communists' shortcomings or ultimate designs, theirs was the only program of discipline, centralization, and organization (backed up by massive Russian arms shipments and technical advisers) that could have won the Civil War. Although Communist military activities were often much less efficient than sometimes painted, this judgment is probably correct in that the Communists were the only leftist party willing to subordinate the revolution almost completely to the requirements of military power; a standard Communist policy throughout the world. Thus a large section of Bolloten's book—nearly 120 pages—is devoted to the struggle between the revolutionary militia program and centralized Communist policy, a struggle that the Communists won almost completely.

Just as Communist policy within Spain was adjusted according to regional, national, or international levels of propaganda, so the political goals of the Civil War were at least twofold for Soviet strategy. The commonly accepted view is that the main Soviet concern in the Spanish war was strategic, and that Soviet intervention was designed to counter German and Italian influence as well as to rally the Western powers to join with the Soviet Union in an agreement for collective security. There is little doubt that Soviet strategic concerns overrode all other interests, yet it also seems clear that leadership and domination of the Spanish Revolution was a major Soviet goal within Spain itself. Bolloten explains in detail Soviet-inspired efforts to fuse the Spanish Socialist and Communist parties into a main instrument of Communist hegemony. This specific target was not achieved, but during the last two years of the struggle Communist influence at most levels of Republican operations was preeminent.

Since 1945 Soviet historiography has dubbed the Spanish Civil War the "Spanish national revolutionary war," thus assimilating it to post-World War II "wars of national liberation." In the late 1940s while the People's Democracies were being established in Eastern Europe, wartime Republican Spain was sometimes hailed as the first example of such a wartime revolutionary transition regime. How the Communists managed to bend the Spanish Revolution to this end has been recounted by Bolloten in masterful and telling detail. Students of contemporary history and of the revolutions of the twentieth century will long be in his debt. □

THE STRETCHFORD CHRONICLES:
25 YEARS OF PETER SIMPLE
Michael Wharton with an introduction by Kingsley Amis
The Daily Telegraph Press / 6.75 pounds ($16.20)

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

I have long suspected that most economic writers are broke, most pornographers are impotent, and most humorists suffer from chronic bouts of spleen and melancholy. All of them choose their subjects more from frustration than inspiration. No less a humorist than Mark Twain seems to have agreed with me. "The secret source of Humor itself," he wrote, "is not joy but sorrow." Thus the best and most forceful topical humor usually comes from writers angry or aggrieved at the way things are going, whether what they yearn for is a return to lost orthodoxies or a departure into fresh heresies.

The best American example in this century was probably H.L. Mencken who lived long enough to lambaste both the petty bourgeois crassness of pre-Depression America and the collectivist, levelling excesses of the centralized welfare state. Since Mencken's departure, however, most of our topical and political humor has turned anemic. The predictably plastic inanities of Art Buchwald and the genteel tittering of Russell Baker seldom register strongly as either entertainment or social commentary. Tom Wolfe comes much closer with his precise razor wit and one R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s rollicking fulminations in the pages of this journal and the *Washington Post* are almost always apt and well-aimed. But there is precious little else.

The fault, I suspect, lies not in our language but in ourselves. English is one of the world's richest tongues for comic invective; since Chaucer's day it has been unsurpassed as a humorous literary medium. But while this remains true in England, something has gone wrong in America. My own theory is that, shortly after we became the leading free world power toward the end of World War II many of us began to take ourselves a bit too seriously. The funny bone of the liberal cultural and political establishment atrophied.

Thank God for England and Peter Simple, for 25 years and over four million words now, the outrageously funny and occasionally profound "Way of the World" columnist for London's venerable *Daily Telegraph*. Equal parts Lewis Carroll, Dean Swift, George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh, and P.G.Wodehouse, the worthy Simple (whose real name is Michael Wharton) has created a brilliantly eccentric gallery of characters—politicians, bureaucrats, trendies, freaks of the literary, academic, and theatrical worlds, pop psychologists, left-wing social scientists, and other charlatans—to populate his own fictive field forever English, the imaginary communites of Stretchford and Nerdley, nurseries for what Kingsley Amis has rightly called "some of the funniest writing of our time." The best of it is now available in *The Stretchford Chronicles: 25 Years of Peter Simple*, orderable from international booksellers or directly from the *Daily Telegraph* in London.

The variety is rich; each of Simple's four-a-week columns includes several individual items ranging from boorish advice to the lovelorn dispensed by the bombastic Clare Howitzer to mind-boggling tidbits such as the discovery of a fourth Brontë sister by Simple's stock literary hack, author-critic Julian Birdbath. The fourth Brontë, whose name, Birdbath tells us, was Doreen, "had little in common with her sisters. She was a brisk, bouncing woman whose insistence on keeping all the windows of Haworth Parsonage open may have contributed to their early deaths. . . . Her own interests were mainly in dog-breeding, ballistics and light engineering."

Trendy cinematic monstrosities of the Ken Russell variety come in for harsher handling, as in this mock interview:

"What did Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart do in the struggle for social justice in feudal, class-ridden 18th century Austria, even then ripe for take-over by the Nazis? What did he do to protest against the racialist horrors of the slave trade? What did he do to fight against the evils of organized religion?

"I'll tell you. Nothing! He just spent his time writing music and sucking up to the crowned heads of Europe. At one time he even worked for a reactionary clergyman, the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg—later, needless to say, one of Hitler's favorite haunts!

"It makes me sick. And when you see my film it'll make you a lot sicker." . . . Ron Fussell, the brilliant producer, was talking of his new film about the life and work of Mozart. . . . As he spoke he danced brilliantly up and down, occasionally hacking at the furniture with an axe or setting his desk on fire in a frenzy of compassionate hatred.

In his own words, the film will really "put the boot in." Fussell makes no secret of his determination, at whatever cost—actually he's getting a special producer's fee of 150,000 pounds—to "shock viewers out of their complacency and make these wretched, boring little suburban shopkeepers sit up."

One highlight is a daring scene where Mozart, as a sexually precocious child prodigy, is dandled on the knee of Marie Antoinette, or Maria Theresa, or Catherine the Great or somebody. "Though dandling is not exactly the word for it," chuckled Ron.

Then there is Simple's archetypical clerical trendy—a sort all too familiar on both sides of the Atlantic in recent years—the Reverend Doctor Spaceley-Trellis, "go-ahead Bishop of Bevindon," whose grovelling before the cult of left-wing youth goes so far that he castigates God Himself for being "out of touch with current trends. His attitudes on such vital matters as

---

Aram Bakshian, Jr., a Washington-based writer and aide to several Republican Presidents, is co-author of The Future under President Reagan *published last January by Arlington House.*

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Who reads The American Spectator?

Photo: Jim Benfield

S.I. Hayakawa.

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housing, censorship, the sexual revolution, drug addiction, the environment and, above all, the Women's Liberation Movement have been unsatisfactory to say the least. Altogether he [God] is far too preoccupied with outmoded eternal matters—often tinged with elitism. . . ." It is high time, Dr. Spaceley-Trellis concludes, that God "retired and made way for a younger man."

Sometimes Simple is simply zany, as in his report on Nerdley housewife Brenda O'Gourke, 46, of Termite Road, and her quixotic encounter with 51 pork pies at the Nadirco Fooderama, Nerdley's premier purveyor of processed junk food, a pet hate of Simple's. When questioned, Mrs. O'Gourke explained that "she was conducting an independent survey of the contents of Nadirco pork pies. There was no knowing what you might find in them nowadays. One friend of hers had recently found a hairnet, a part of an alarm-clock and what seemed to be the incisor-tooth of a badger; another found a long, rambling letter, possibly an appeal for help from someone who had been at one time imprisoned in the pie, for what reason she could not say. . . ."

Even in his wildest flights, however, Simple usually has a point to make, often aimed at some aspect of modern man's loss of soul or at his blind faith in technology and social progress. Consider this rather poig ant aside following a swipe at se ologists and the birth control lobby

> Poor young people, who thought th were going to be free to enjoy a pag world of love and pleasure where mor restraints had vanished and all might as they pleased! It is not going to be qui like that after all! Pursued into th bedroom by experts brandishing pills a coils of ever new design, questionir them about their attitudes to each othe observing their love-making like a scientific process . . . they will find th they have exchanged one system restraint, moral, religious, instinctual, f another system, social, secular, rationa

Simple makes no bones about i his loyalties are entirely on the side traditional morality and values mo durable than coils, contraceptive mass marketing, and self-indulge "humanism" run amok. At times h enthusiasm carries him too far, b just when one is about to write hi off as a misanthropic right-win crank, the old humor bubbles up the surface again. If Peter Simpl sometimes seems but a hairsbread away from looniness, he is a gre deal less deranged than the gr tesque modern world around hi and, to quote a characteristic Sin plism: "In the country of the bald th one-haired man is king." An exce lent book for dipping into at poolsid bedside, or deskside, and a pleasa reminder that English humor ha survived even the dreariness post-war socialism.

THE THIRTIES
Edmund Wilson / Farrar, Straus and Giroux / $17.50
EDMUND WILSON:
OUR NEIGHBOR FROM TALCOTTVILLE
Richard Hauer Costa / Syracuse University Press / $11.95

William H. Nolte

Reading Edmund Wilson's *The Thirties* is a numbing experience, a true test of the reader's endurance. Needless to say, these journal notes would never have been published had they been written by anyone of less renown than Wilson, certainly our premier critic-at-large during the last thirty years or so of his life. Now that they have been gathered between covers, as he intended them to be, they will receive wide notice though I seriously doubt that many readers, even those who most admire Wilson will stay with them to the end. Th thing is a bore—a lifeless and seem ingly endless bore.

To begin with, the title is mis leading. The book tells us very litt about the thirties, about any of th distinguishing features of that dec ade. Indeed, we are seldom give so much as an opinion about th goings-on in politics, government literature—the matters of most con cern to Wilson at that time. We hav instead the finger exercises of a com pulsive writer—long descriptions o various places here and abroad. A times he tries to capture the sense o

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place by noting native expressions—as in New Mexico. He fails to bring any of that country to mind's eye. The description of moments, little vignettes, are self-conscious—for example, this one on "Provincetown beach life": "Little tiny girl with the legs of a little brown boy coming back from a boat ride with her parents and stepping over the thing they slid the boats down with, her head of long blond hair down her back and her little pale-green sweater pulled down over the trunks of her blue bathing suit—balancing with her little brown arms." One winces at all the *littles*. He records lengthy conversations overheard in homes of acquaintances, pieces of idle gossip, weather reports, his dreams, etc. As Leon Edel remarks in his introductory essay, the journals "served largely the function of memory and self-discipline. They were the notebooks of a chronicler, a way of tidying the mind for his craft of criticism. . . ." They also served as a repository which Wilson mined for such books as *The American Earthquake,* but here we have only what was left over—in effect, the splintered wood and shavings of his mental workshop.

The astonishing thing about these notes is, as I say, the fact that they are lifeless; they provide no semblance of shared experience. In his best books and essays Wilson conveyed his learning to the reader; his interest in ideas was infectious. But when most intimate—that is, when the emotions were called into play, as they constantly are in our everyday goings and comings—he seemed mechanistic and joyless. Indeed, he appears, whether he was or not, emotionally sterile. Professor Edel ascribes this characteristic, or deficiency, to his early years, thus agreeing that the child is father to the man: "There had been, as we know, a deaf mother and a depressed and often apathetic father. The little boy Edmund had considerable difficulty communicating with those close to him. In the process there was a short-circuiting of the common articulations and joys of childhood. The distancings were carried into adult life."

In effect, there seems to have been an imbalance between heart and head, or rather a bifurcation between feeling and thought, body and mind—the two seem never to be joined. In the painful, guilt-ridden chapter on his relations with his second wife, Margaret Canby, written after her death in 1932—she died from a fall down some steep Spanish steps in her hometown of Santa Barbara—he dutifully records her having called him "a cold fishy leprous person." In an effort somehow to exorcise the memory of his shabby treatment of Margaret, he authenticates her remark; he was indeed a cold fish. He seemed compelled to record in detail all the worst things he had done or said during their short time together, as if in the recording there were expiation. It is not made clear how long Margaret had been in California, or whether she intended to rejoin Wilson in the East. I find it hard to believe him when he says, "After she was dead, I loved her." What he is saying, it seems to me, is that he loved the "idea" of her once she ceased to exist. His confessions have a ghoulish quality, and the candor with which he describes their sexual relations is simply embarrassing. He would doubtless have been astonished if someone had reminded him that some things are better left unsaid. He was no stranger to the twin Joys of masochism and sadism. It seems odd that a man so materialistic (in the philosophical sense of the term) should have also been so narcissistic.

Nowhere is that narcissism more evident than in the descriptions of his sexual relations. As I read about his

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couplings with this fair one or that not so fair one, except for "Anna" each one identified by a single letter, a line of verse kept running through my mind. Unable to recall the exact wording, I finally, after about the fifth or sixth whisper in my ear, looked it up. It's the opening line of a poem by Henry Reed: "Today we have naming of parts." Unfortunately Wilson failed to realize that to nearly everyone but those immediately (intimately?) involved, sexual matters generally are comic, and when not comic they are revolting. But Wilson, that most owl-like man, was ever on the lookout for experience, not for the sake of experience, but for the opportunity to embalm the experience in the amber of his prose. It's people like Wilson who give lechery a bad name.

There are of course a few grains to be found amid all the chaff. For example this note on the late Granville Hicks, a performing seal of the far Left back in the thirties: "When the orders from Moscow for tolerance came, the comrades inaugurated the new policy nobly by at once throwing out poor Granville Hicks, who had been trying so hard to comply with what he had understood to be the previous policy and who would undoubtedly have done his best to live up to the new one if they had only given him time." There is surprisingly little in the book about Fitzgerald and Hemingway, or, for that matter, about the other important writers of the period. Still, I am happy to report that Wilson remembered to report on F. Scott's penis—an object of no little speculation during those Hard Times. As every reader of our literature knows by now, Scott was much concerned about the dimensions of that famous organ. For anyone who is still in the dark but wishes to pursue this tiny matter, I can only recommend the full-size account in Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast.* According to Wilson, who got it from John Bishop, Scott was in the habit of telling everyone he met—even "the lady who sat next to him at dinner and who might be meeting him for the first time"—that his penis was too small. Hemingway told Fitzgerald that it looked small because he viewed it from above, that he should instead look at himself in the mirror. Wilson confesses that he "did not understand this." Having thus skirted the issue he moves on to the problem of impotence: "It seemed to me that ideas of impotence were very much in people's minds at this period—on account of the Depression, I think, the difficulty of getting things going." But then he also admits that his heavy drinking may have had something to do with it. Scott had the same problem, alas. Was it the Depression, or was it liquor? Choose whichever cause seems to you the more convincing, but I have always believed that Scott's and Edmund's problem stemmed from their having attended Princeton. Of course I may be wrong. I no longer consider it a major concern.

Before leaving *The Thirties* behind I should note that the book does have one (intentional) funny remark in it. By the time I got to it, on page 694, I was neck-deep in the Slough of Despond. But this simple note, despite the fact that I seem to recall having heard it before, restored my strength and lifted my liver: "'The California girl she had met at a party: her husband had said about somebody: 'He's a big shot out on the Coast!' His wife had said, 'And don't forget to dot the *i*!'"

Beginning in the early fifties Wilson spent his summers in the upstate New York house he inherited from his mother. In *Upstate* he gave us his warm, albeit somewhat cranky, recollections of life in that rural area.

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Now in *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville,* Richard Hauer Costa adds a few interesting items of Wilsoniana to the public domain. Because of the bad writing, especially in the preface and opening chapter, discriminating readers may leave before the main course is served. Hence this note of warning. Don't be put off by such jawbreakers as: "Perhaps my memory of the quality of the mind that, from the first, charged the hours in his company with vibrancy may have led me occasionally into over-feeling, perhaps over-writing." That prepositional disaster occurs in the preface. On the next page one encounters this hop-legged, highfalutin waywardness:

> When, as was inevitable, the more compelling intellectual and social stimulations of prep school and college and travel fully rescued the teenage "Bunny" Wilson from Red Bank, they also left Talcottville and the "old stone house," for a long time, in the pale.
>
> In an imperishable essay written in 1933, the thirty-eight-year-old newly hired staff critic on *The New Republic* writes of returning north, after many years away, on the Utica-to-Boonville milk train, seeking renewal and rebirth "up in the country." Instead, the journey he chronicles is to limbo, caught as he is between the Upstate worlds of the Bakers and the Talcotts—his maternal ancestors —and the making-it maelstrom of Manhattan and The Village which is inclining him, as it did his friend John Dos Passos, toward a vast leftward leap over his shadow.

And so on. But, as I say, things get better, or perhaps one just gets accustomed to the bouncy ride.

When he first met Wilson, in 1963, Mr. Costa was teaching at the Syracuse University branch in Utica. From then until Wilson's death nine years later they kept in touch through correspondence and visits in Wilson's home. Although Mr. Costa's memoir is generously padded and he makes rather too much of himself in the telling, he does give us a credible likeness of the crusty old man of letters. Among other things, we learn that Wilson was fond of eating sweets while drinking his daily pint of Johnny Walker Red; that he disliked the novels of Conrad, particularly *Nostromo;* that he thought E.A. Robinson a much better poet than Robert Frost; that he considered Hemingway a post-adolescent (which was already known by Wilson's readers); that he sometimes got up at four a.m. to read old reviews of his books; that he liked very much the novels of Maurice Baring; that he liked Italian and Hungarian women but had all his life been wary of Frenchwomen, and so on and so forth. Idle gossip, perhaps, but then who isn't interested in gossip? □

CORRESPONDENCE

Literary Environmentalism

Thank you for Bryan F. Griffin's superb criticism of E.L. Doctorow (January 1981). This is what *The American Spectator* does best of all: puncturing the anti-establishment establishment. There is such a nauseating concentration of Agent Pink in the atmosphere these days that literary environmentalists like Griffin with the wit and scholarship to dispel it evoke only gratitude. Thank you, Griffin, yours is the bravest and most interesting literary criticism I have read in a month of Sontags. It's also far and away the funniest.

—John Muggeridge
Ontario, Canada

A Disinformed Review?

It's impossible, I think, to fault Mitchell Ross's review of *The Spike* (February 1981) on aesthetic grounds, but parts of his review wax a tad too chic to jibe with my sense of proportion. From "Ross's Rundown" runs the following:

> Of disinformation as a whole, we learn more or less what it involves, and we are left to suppose that it exists. Big deal.

Well, *yes,* damn it, I suppose Soviet disinformation *is* a "big deal"—unless one is prepared to join the chorus of academics who have dismissed Solzhenitsyn as an ill-mannered crank, or unless one supposes that such informed and careful journalists as Michael Ledeen and Arnaud de Borchgrave are the delirious victims of an *idée fixe.*

I realize (and rejoice) that *The American Spectator*'s prime motif is to expose the artless and the imbecile in modern discourse. To that end, Mitchell Ross, characteristically, has contributed a sharp piece, with much truth and good sense in most of its particulars. But given the *timing* of the review's appearance, I would have hoped for something more along the lines of the "final word" on *The Spike.* Instead, Mr. Ross lets fly a blistering attack on the most vulnerable aspect of the novel—its manifest artlessness; he might as well have applied high form criticism to Mickey Spillane, for Pete's sake!

Underlying Mr. Ross's brilliant salvo is a fallacy: the assumption that *The Spike* was written for a "sophisticated" audience of "highbrows." In fact, *The Spike* was written to inform bookstore rug-rats and supermarket browsers about an astonishing pattern of intellectual corruption festering among some of America's most influential "highbrow" chinwaggers and glitterati: It's a pattern that may not impress someone of Ross's depth, sophistication, and

(*continued on page 46*)

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CURRENT WISDOM

Newsweek

Reflections of an historical and metaphysical nature from a *Newsweek* reader and world citizen:

Certainly the stories of the returnees about their treatment will cause outrage here. But I hope it will not be forgotten that only since the ousting and death of the Shah—a longtime friend of this nation—have the Iranian people themselves tasted freedom, unknown to them for decades. Many of the Shah's prisoners did not survive, and they never received the coverage the hostages have; the United States especially chose to ignore their inhumane treatment. Personally, I compliment Iran on its ability, in its first shaky year of freedom, to make a complete fool of one of the world's most powerful nations.

An Teunis
San Francisco, Calif.
[*February 9, 1981*]

The Progressive

Once again *The Progressive* shows its knack for capturing the spirit of the age:

There is in fact no way that America's inner-city housing blight can be alleviated without a massive redistribution of income in society. If this should take place in the form of cash, then a whole battery of legislation and regulation must follow to keep it from being sucked back out by landlords as extra profits. Rent control laws, coupled with housing maintenance provisions, code enforcement, and the like, can then make sense. And if landlords disinvest, there must be back-up ways of converting rental housing into cooperative forms of ownership.

[*March 1981*]

The New York Times

Proof that the Toronto vice squad has grown fat and lazy:

It could have been the ultimate antisexist exercise, although its purpose was more modest than that. Nineteen women and four men sat in a circle in a hotel conference room in Toronto, and began to undergo what their leader called a "guided fantasy." They were family therapists and marriage counselors, and the consciousness-raising exercise they were performing was titled "Crossing the Border Between the Sexes."

"Relax and close your eyes," said their guide, Dorothy Sucher, a psychotherapist who practices in Washington, D.C. Using the power of patient suggestion, she summoned her charges' imaginations in the quiet room. She asked them all to visualize how they would feel, how they would think and how they might move as members of the opposite sex. Then they were asked to imagine what it would be like to encounter a child; how it would be if they met their parents, and what would happen if they met a member of the opposite sex.

•

When the imagining was over, the participants opened their eyes and began to talk about their experiences. Some women spoke about their feelings of power: "I was King Kong," said one, smiling, "and it was *great*." Another said, "I just felt so, well—tall." Another said that it was a joy to realize that she could aggressively initiate a flirtation: "I felt I didn't have to passively wait for a man to do it—I *was* the man," she said.

The men, however, said they had had some difficulty in performing the exercise. "I just couldn't visualize it," said one. "I didn't *want* to visualize it." Another said that he was equally reluctant in making the attempt, "but when I finally did," he said, "I felt that I sure was having a whole lot more fun." Another man, who also had got past his initial difficulty with the exercise, said that "it was the first time I ever thought I'd want to be a woman—because I sensed that it would make me feel closer to people."

[*December 2, 1980*]

Newsweek

And yet another indication of the high-grade intellect that reads the dilettante's delicatessen, this time a reader full of helium:

What a magnificent piece of journalism! Your Feb. 2 special issue, "A Day to Remember," rates as one of the finest examples of inspired writing, editing, photography and layout I have ever seen. The staff at *Newsweek* should be proud—almost as proud as we Americans on that memorable day.

George B. Eichorn
Detroit, Mich.
[*February 9, 1981*]

The Nation

A magisterial bull in the autobiographical mode from Mr. Jeff Trachtman, "a senior in politics at New York University," available only in *The Nation*, for one hundred and fifteen years a journal of bulls and bull:

I was a small child in the 1960s and breathed a premature sigh of relief when it seemed as if my generation might fall between wars. Surely Vietnam was crazy enough to keep us at peace for decades. Now, for the sake of oil, "honor" and the "balance of power," we are ready to begin again. My generation may become the first to fight and die to make the world safe for polyester.

[*January 17, 1981*]

The Richmond Times-Dispatch

Zoo keepers tremble as one of the foremost journals of the late Confederacy reports on the doings of famed animal liberationist Michael W. Fox, author of *Returning to Eden: Animal Rights and Human Responsibility* and *Understanding Your Dog*. Can a man marry his collie? Should Bishop Paul Moore admit cows into the clergy? Mr. Fox is an expert in this field:

Michael Fox, a mild-mannered scientist with a sagging mustache, is quite reasonable about his approach to animal rights. He simply wants animals to have some of the rights of man—the right to move about and socialize with their fellow pigs or calves, or whatever . . . And asking if I'm a vegetarian is like asking if I'm a Christian. Yes, I am and no, I'm not. I embrace many things. I don't like the 'isms' of any kind. I'm a conscientious omnivore. I don't eat farm animals at my home, but if I were at someone's home and they served beef I would eat it. In fact, I would be glad to eat happy beef and happy chicken."

[*December 14, 1980*]

New York

True love, illuminated by two American romantics, in the philosophical pages of one of America's most sophisticated journals of urban enlightenment:

Neither Jacques Sammes, 51, nor Luther Travis, 50, thinks he could live with or love someone who wasn't good at his work. "Being serious about your work," says Luther, "brings results."

. . . Jacques and Luther split all their expenses (from a combined income of around $65,000) and see themselves as independent but together. Jacques points out the two have "separate physical and metaphysical lives," as well as separate friends. They take half their meals together, but they think many of the problems that couples have stem from doing too much together.

Jacques admits he gives in first if something is important to Luther. Luther says he has learned to anticipate, avoid, and give in where Jacques's feelings are concerned. Luther notes, "I come from a big family with lots of close ties." Says Jacques, an only child, "We know a lot of people, aged 20 to 50, who want to remain single and who are non-sharers. That's sad." —D.D.

[*February 16, 1981*]

The Chicago Tribune

Dr. Letty Cottin Pogrebin, heaves up another hopeful, albeit crackpot, lucubration on castration, masculinization, and the further propagandizing of American youth, this time beyond the classroom and onto the playground:

If sexism is to be brought to an end in the years ahead, changing the ways our children play is a first and essential step. This is because while "having fun," children are supposed to learn the sex-role basics: Boys must be competitors and girls cheerleaders, boys must be fleet of foot, girls full of grace, et cetera, et cetera and *not* vice versa.

Men have problems with female athletes largely because of the must-win mentality of "masculinity": Boys are better so how can a girl be best? In almost those words, coaches and psychologists worry about the boy-ego and sacrifice the girl-ego to it.

They warn, says James Michener, of a "heavy psychological cost" if boys compete with girls. Not just because girls are invading the last male preserve of team sports, but because girls were the cushion that stopped a boy from hitting bottom: No matter how bad one was at games and sports, girls could always be counted on to be worse.

[*February 15, 1981*]

The Nation

Reproachful once again, the worthy *Nation* surveys our recent harassment of revolutionary Iran and reveals Emperor Jimmy in all his terrifying splendor:

If we belabor the thesis of American empire, it is only because there is nothing more dangerous in this nuclear age than such an empire behaving childishly out of national frustration and pique disguised as national honor and pride. Throughout most of those 442 days—until, finally, serious, secret negotiations were joined—our Government engaged in transparent posturing and truculence; it issued threats it never intended—or was capable of—carrying out. Common sense told us from the beginning that the use of military force would rescue only a highly inflated sense of national kidnapping, force is rarely a feasible option. . . .

The national crisis just ended should have, at the very least, compelled us as a nation to face up to and learn from the hatred foreign peoples feel for our far-flung economic empire. That it has not is a real national tragedy.

[*February 7, 1981*]

Miscellaneous

From Spotswood, New Jersey (08884) a singular missive proclaims news of our tumescent cultural renaissance and of the high-minded doings of the Hon. Barbara Mikulski, patriot and progressive:

Entertainers of America!

The entertainment industry is saluted with an "act of congress." Take a moment to stop and think!!! For the first time in the history of the world, a bill has been introduced to congress for an entertainer . . . That's history!!!

The entertainer? . . . Elvis Aaron Presley . . . he's history!!!!

House joint resolution #488, introduced to Congress by Congresswoman Barbara Mikulski, from Baltimore, Maryland.

America! We are so proud of Elvis Presley, he knew this was the land of opportunity, and he set an example to "reach the American dream." The "dream" became a reality! Elvis Aaron Presley. United States of America.

Patricia Ann Emanuele
Nationwide Holiday Campaign
for "Elvis Presley"

The Washington Post

Pulitzer Prize-winning sage Miss Ellen Goodman hands down another universal truth about those members of humankind too hung up on *macho*

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› shave their legs or underarms:

OSTON—In every female life there is an evitable confrontation with something alled The Secret All-Male Club. For ost of us, the big moment comes in urth grade when the boys who can say o more about the opposite sex than Girls are yucky!'' suddenly hang a otice on some door or other that rules: O GIRLS ALLOWED.

This is the one crucial bylaw of every ale club.

Well, for a time, the fourth-grade boys ucceed in making their female classates mad and little sisters sad. But one ay the girls find out what is going on side the club.

What is going on inside is this: the ourth-grade boys are sitting around, iggling and telling dirty jokes. Stupid irty jokes.

[*January 27, 1981*]

The Los Angeles Times

'he grim state of *kultur* under the California sun, as unmasked by Mr. ton Finney, a professional minoriarian:

ately, black leaders across the country ave been expressing dire fears of roubled times ahead. They point to the esurgence of the Ku Klux Klan, chalenges to civil-rights legislation, mysterous killings, the Reagan presidency, oblessness and inflation. Well, they can dd Hollywood to the list.

From ''Song of the South'' and 'Beulah Land'' back to 1915s ''Birth of a Nation,'' the message has been clear: When it comes time for the entertainment f America and the profit of Hollywood, he black image has no standing, not even nder the revered Disney name.

''Song of the South'' is a live-action film interspersed with animated scenes from the classic ''Uncle Remus'' stories, narrated by a live Uncle Remus. How, you ask, can Bre'r Rabbit stories told to children be harmful? Read on.

—The slaves returning from the fields, singing in perfect harmony about how fortunate they are to be on the plantation.

—Toby, the black child assigned to be Johnny's companion and protector, gushing about how Uncle Remus' stories are the best in ''all the United States of Georgia.''

—In a take-off on the coon-scared-of-the-ghost bit, Toby having to pinch Johnny to confirm that he is real.

—A white girl's muddied dress turning miraculously clean after an especially powerful Uncle Remus tale.

The animal cartoon characters are treated just as badly, all having either tattered hats or coon dialects—or both—just like the human coon characters. Even the tarbaby dummy wears a tattered hat.

History, too, is laid low in the service of fun and coonin'. It's not clear when the story takes place. If it is the period before the Civil War, how could Uncle Remus, dejected at one point, leave the plantation on his own to live in Atlanta? And if it is after the Civil War, why isn't there a single indication—in the scenery, in the dialogue or at least in the characterization of the blacks—that slavery is over?

[*January 2, 1981*] □

Do you know of any other newsletter provoking public comment like this?

ACCESS TO ENERGY *remains an irreplaceable national resource for the layman who wants to understand what energy is all about.* Samuel McCracken in COMMENTARY

In issue after issue, the editor cuts through the simplified thinking of the mass media. Technologically informed, he consistently explains the technical aspects into understandable English. CULTURAL WATCHDOG NEWSLETTER

ACCESS TO ENERGY *is a voice of reason amidst the strident shouts of the antinuclear reactionaries--- Dr Petr Beckmann is author, editor, and professor of engineering at the University of Colorado. He is also a staunch advocate of free-market, limited-government ideals. I cannot recommend too highly his engrossing monthly newsletter. Petr Beckmann, who holds two earned doctorates, is an eloquent voice of scientific reason in the midst of all the antinuclear hysteria.* HON. DR. RON PAUL (TEX.)
in US House of Representatives, June 6 and 13, 1979

Petr Beckmann is not only a good, conscientious engineer and a lucid writer; he is also a formidable fighter. He knows how to use facts, and he is an expert with that most devastating of literary weapons, humor. DR EDWARD TELLER
Preface to *Access to Energy: A Selection of Brief Essays*, publ. by the Intrntl. Inst. of Econom. Resrch.

If Pulitzer prizes were given on an unbiased basis to outspoken and authoritative journals, one would certainly be given to ACCESS TO ENERGY. *This newsletter is an incisively written, tell-it-as-it-is journal that is fast developing a national following.* Anthony Harrigan in SENSING THE NEWS

ACCESS TO ENERGY *blends science and technology with political reality in ways that open up and explain issues and policies concerning energy and environment especially. Beckmann cuts through ecology cant and propaganda with style as well as substance.* S.K. Oberbeck in CONSERVATIVE DIGEST

Although Petr Beckmann's primary purpose is not the furtherance of a free-market principle – his foe is the Luddite and technology-hater who is strangling our energy sources – he is actually doing more for liberty than all the amateur theoreticians in the libertarian movement put together. His publication, ACCESS TO ENERGY, *is one of the most powerful libertarian documents in the country.* Edith Efron in REASON

Beckmann puts out (independent of the University) an excellent monthly newsletter called ACCESS TO ENERGY, *which he describes as being "pro-science, pro-technology, pro-free enterprise." I recommend this excellent newsletter to anyone interested in the (crucial) connection between energy problems and market forces.* Tom Bethell in AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A professor of electrical engineering, Dr Beckmann knows just about everything there is to know about nuclear physics, everything that happens to it in the ocean of ideological and political distortions, and everything being done about it in Congress to boot. Like every conservative, he is staunchly progressive on this matter and valiantly fights the reactionary conservationists. Leopold Tyrmand in CHRONICLES OF CULTURE.

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LIBERTARIAN REVIEW [1974]

Beckmann is concerned primarily with tilting at malicious windbags who befoul the environment with exhalations of technical garbage. God bless and sustain him in his campaign for intellectually decent thought processes.
Medford Evans in AMERICAN OPINION

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Correspondence

(*continued from page 43*)

sense of irony—but it's undoubtedly a pattern that obscured the true intentions of Mao in the 1940s and of Castro in the 1950s; of the Soviets in Czechoslovakia, the Vietcong in Indochina, Brezhnev at Helsinki, the Cubans in Africa, and Russian "advisors" in Afghanistan.

Look to the fault-lines beneath the vague editorial rumbles after Reagan's display of bad manners in telling the truth about the Soviets at his first press conference, or check the op-ed columns written by local luminaries on the nobility of the Sandinista. How many bloodbaths would it take for Mr. Ross to allow that Communist disinformation and Lenin's "useful idiots" may constitute a "big deal" for Western consciousness? Should I start drooling to confirm Mr. Ross's implication that people who ask such questions are "paranoid"?

The Spike is a dreary novel indeed, written with little grace, inspired by a narrow rationalism, and informed by a preposterous moral ambivalence. But in the tradition of, say, Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle, The Spike* is also a splendid muckraker, with its dreary form well suited to its corrupt subject matter. Let Mr. Ross apply his high standards to a more elevated topic. *The Spike* is nuts-and-bolts stuff, very un-chic; it needs an informed workhorse, not a clever aesthete, for an effective reviewer: for a John Updike or a Philip Roth, give me Ross's Rundown; for de Borchgrave & Moss, give me Michael Ledeen's downhome *Commentary* review. Cheers to Ross's high literary standards, but nerts to his review of *The Spike*—and to Jim Hougan's in *Harper's*.

—John R. Dunlap
San Jose, California

An American House of Lords

Surely on an informal basis it does exist. We know that there is a breed of American men who bring everything they touch to ruin, yet continue to rise in the esteem of their fellows and in the preferment of an unaccountably grateful nation. We say these fellows constitute an American peerage and urge that they be accorded all the rights and privileges of same. This month *The American Spectator* identifies and honors one of these remarkable men:

Robert S. McNamara

The Carter Obituary (cont.)

De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum. . . . and all that, but I am constrained to write you—even as I finish reading page 36—to comment on that brilliant political obituary of the Scamp (February 1981).

There has not been a more articulate political obituary since William Buckley, Jr. pronounced judgment on John Lindsay, and there will not be another like it until somebody does a job on Lowell Weicker.

—Theodore L. Humes
Phoenix, Arizona

But stay! Mr. Humes. The job has already been done, and by none other than WFB, who devoted his January 16 column to interring Senator Weicker. A sampling: "There is a rumor going about, and this very night I shall get down on my knees to pray that it is true, that a private meeting before the hearings with Senator Weicker, at which meeting Mr. Weicker announced that he intended at all costs to learn what had been the conversations erased in the 18½-minute gap, General Haig said: 'To tell you the truth, Senator, we were all talking about what an SOB you are.'" *--Ed.*

I would like to register a mild protest against R. Emmett Tyrrell's nomination (February 1981) of Jimmy Carter as "worst president in American history." By your own guidelines, Lyndon Johnson ought to be accorded the laurels.

Carter was abysmally ignorant of history; Johnson was not but he played the fool to satisfy the liberals he wished to befriend.

Carter did encourage the precious and opportunistic; Johnson positively wooed their fickle hands.

Carter did approve of the ravings of Galbraith, Schlesinger, and Nader; Johnson gave them their pedestals while knowing they were charlatans.

Carter attempted to run the ship of state without compass, maps, or pilot; Johnson had acquired navigational tools and skills in the Congress—he chose to handicap himself with a black hood called "All things to all men."

Carter attempted to ease Mr. Reagan's transition to the helm; Johnson sawed the ship in half, sen half toward the Scylla of Vietnam an the other half toward the Charybdi of the Great Society. Then he dov overboard and left his successor— Nixon or Humphrey—to the medi sharks.

Carter's errors seem to come fron true and obstinate ignorance; John son had the knowledge but he wante to be liked. Mr. Johnson's mis feasance created the opportunity fo the miniscule Carter to be elected Therefore, I think you should nomi nate LBJ as worst president. My ow nominee for the position is Thoma Jefferson. But that is another song i a different key.

—Carlson W. Yos
Texas A&M Universit

As a new subscriber to *The America Spectator* I was made happy today b reading your editorial "Jimmy: A the End of the Revels" (Februar 1981).

To write as well as you do is an art To expose a ruthless, born-again hypocriticalliability such as th Georgia peanut is, in my mind, an ac of sincere and courageous patriotism

Can we somehow lower that retire ment from seventy thousand a year t around fifty dollars a week?

—Howard N. Ingall
Roselle, Illinoi

But Is It Art?

I take issue with John Podhoretz' column of *alleged* "film criticism" i the March 1981 issue. In his colum he *assumes* (and incorrectly at that that an "audience can enjoy only tha which it knows. . . . This also holds true for great works of art; if the form is truly alienating, the material wil be as well."

I have not seen *The Competition* (although I have seen *Raging Bul* and found it a very fine film); afte reading Mr. Podhoretz's column, I'm not sure I want to see it. If we are t accept film as an art form (which i is), then we must explore and we must expect to be challenged. Follow ing Mr. Podhoretz's line of thought we ought to expect films to be as predictable as each "Barbara Cart land Romance." Perhaps Mr. Pod horetz finds Louis L'Armour west erns to be more satisfying and culturally important than James Joyce's works. Perhaps Mr. Podhor etz would rather view *Monster from the Surf* than *The Grand Illusion*. This seeming to be the case, I suggest *The American Spectator* find a film critic who can understand art more sophisticated than television soap operas.

—Andrew W. Brown
Chicago, Illinois

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